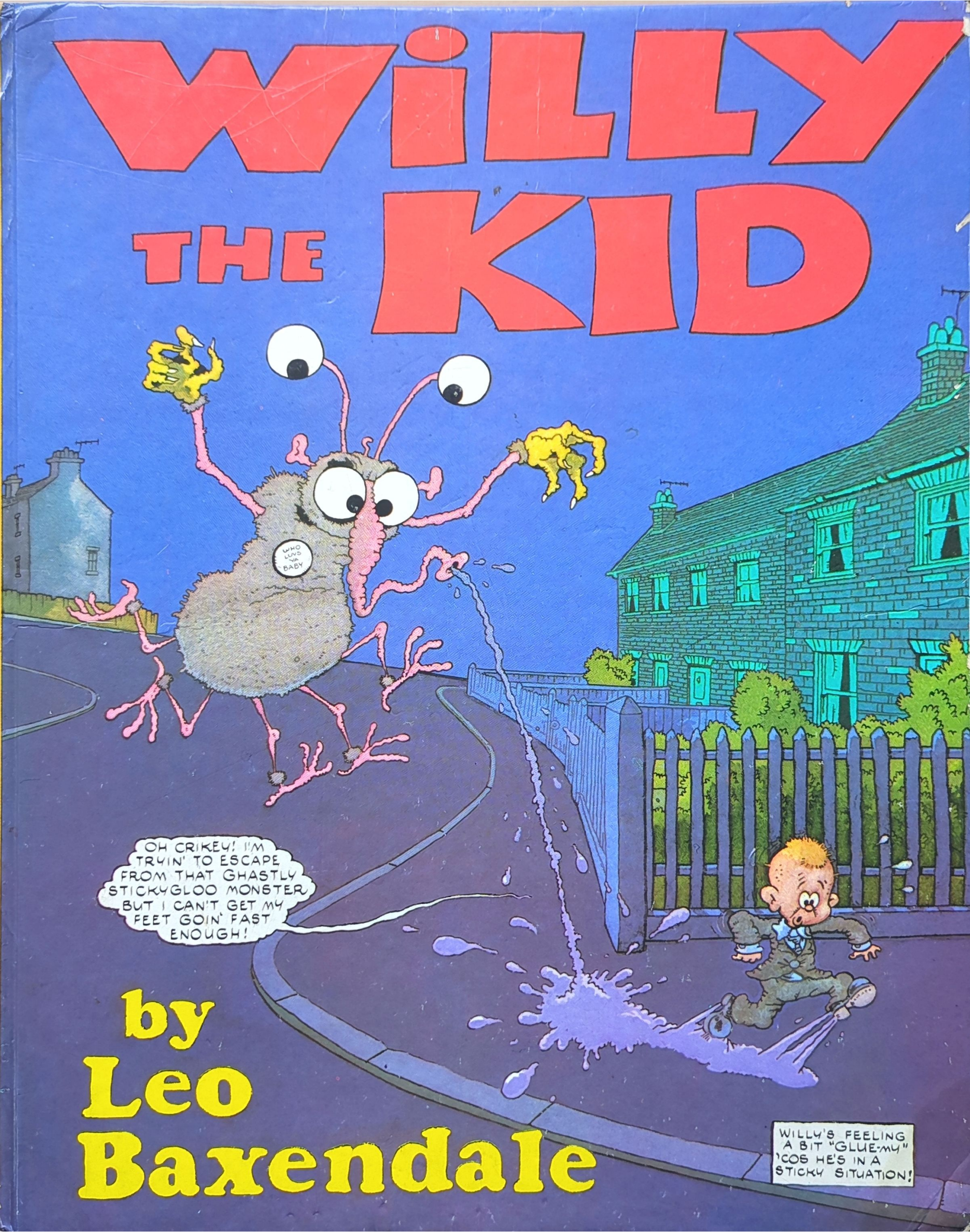
WILLY THE KID



by Leo Baxendale

THIS BOOK CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING - YOU'LL SPLIT YOUR SIDES LAUGHING.

SIR WILLY YE KID, YE VALIANT ~~NIT~~ KNIGHT, HAS SET OUT TO RESCUE YE FAIR DAMSEL (IT'S THAT SMASHING SANDRA FROM THE FIFTH YEAR AT WILLY'S SCHOOL) FROM STARSKY YE FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO:-

NAME .....

.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

CLEAR OFF YOU INTERFERING LITTLE CREEP, WILLY! I LIKE THE DRAGON BETTER THAN YOU!

MELT

SIR WILLY

OH, CHARMING! THAT'S VERY NICE, I MUST SAY! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

MUNCH

HEE HEE HEE!

FUNGUS

FUN-GUS
(WE MUST APOLOGISE FOR THIS JOKE)

SIR WILLY'S HOME-MADE BIONIC CHARGER
(SIX MILLION ~~DOLLAR~~ STEED)
BOTTLE TOPS

£1

THE WILLY THE KID BOOK 2

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY

Leo Baxendale MBE

(MUNCHER OF BOILED EARWIGS)

SIZZLE

SOSSIES

SIX MILLION DOLLAR SAUSAGE (OTHERWISE KNOWN AS BIONIC BANGER)

YOU STUPID DOG! I SAID I WANTED MUSTARD ON MY SAUSAGE!

PUFF! GRUNT!

STRAIN

WILLY'S PET MOUSE FRANKENSTEIN

WILLY'S DAFT DOG KOJAK

LEO COPYRIGHT BAXENDALE 1977

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GERALD DUCKWORTH & CO. LTD.
POSH BOOK PUBLISHERS,
THE OLD BIONIC PIANO FACTORY,
43 GLOUCESTER CRESCENT,
LONDON NW1
(THERE'S LOTS OF FUN IN NW1)

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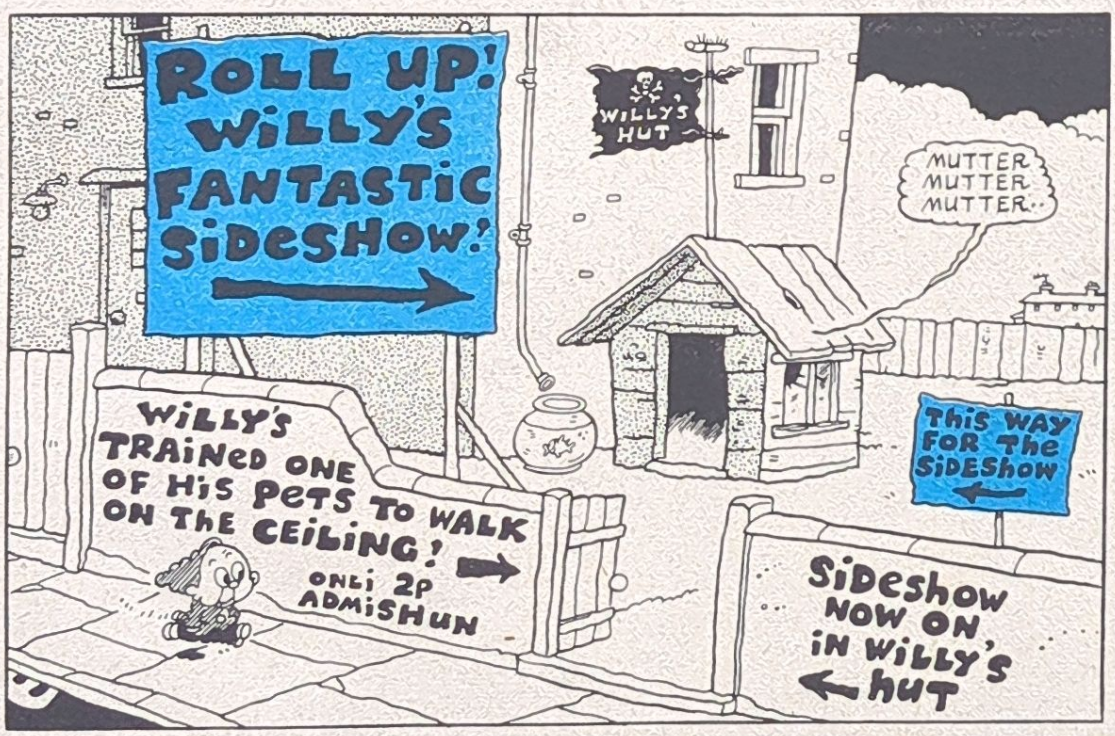
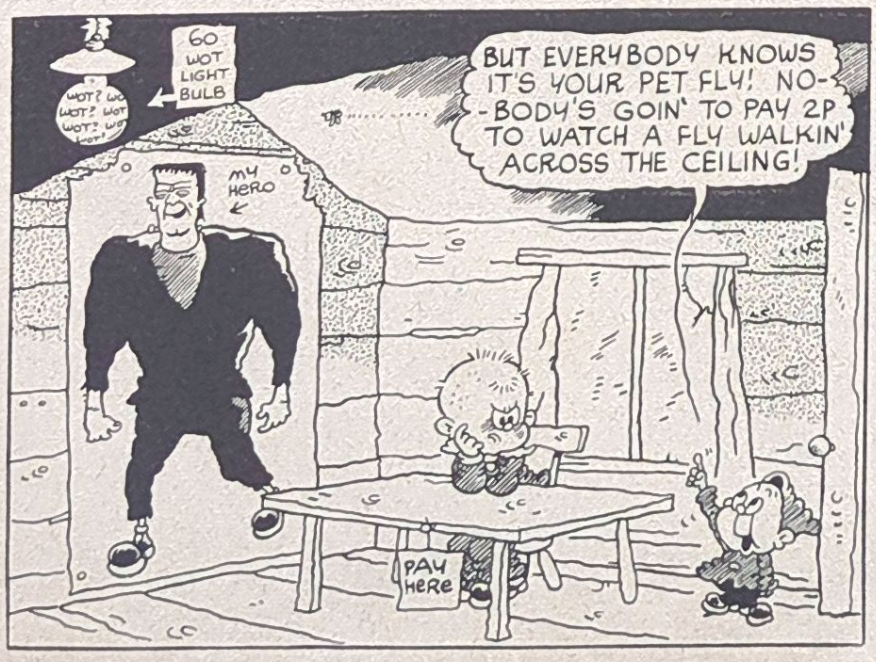
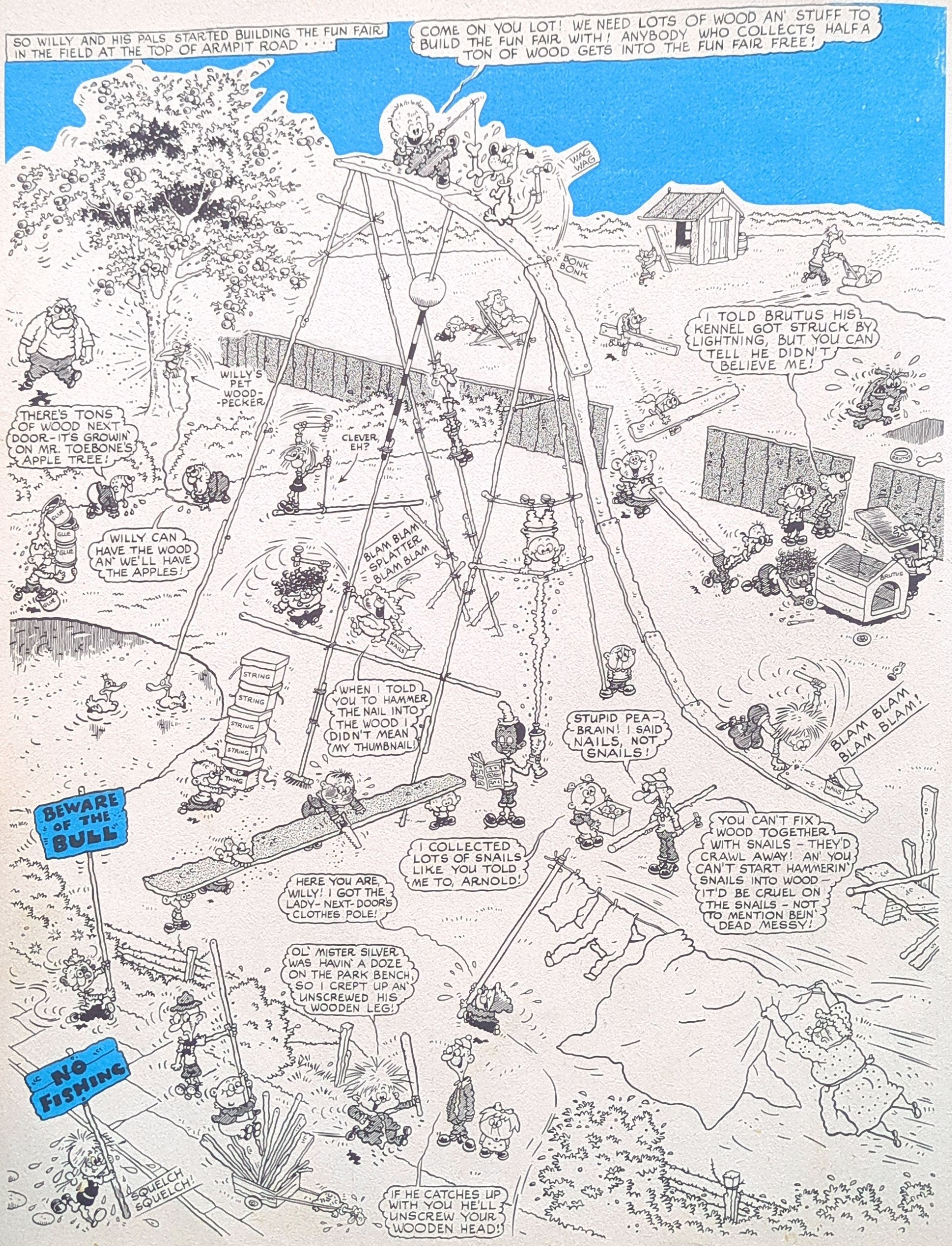
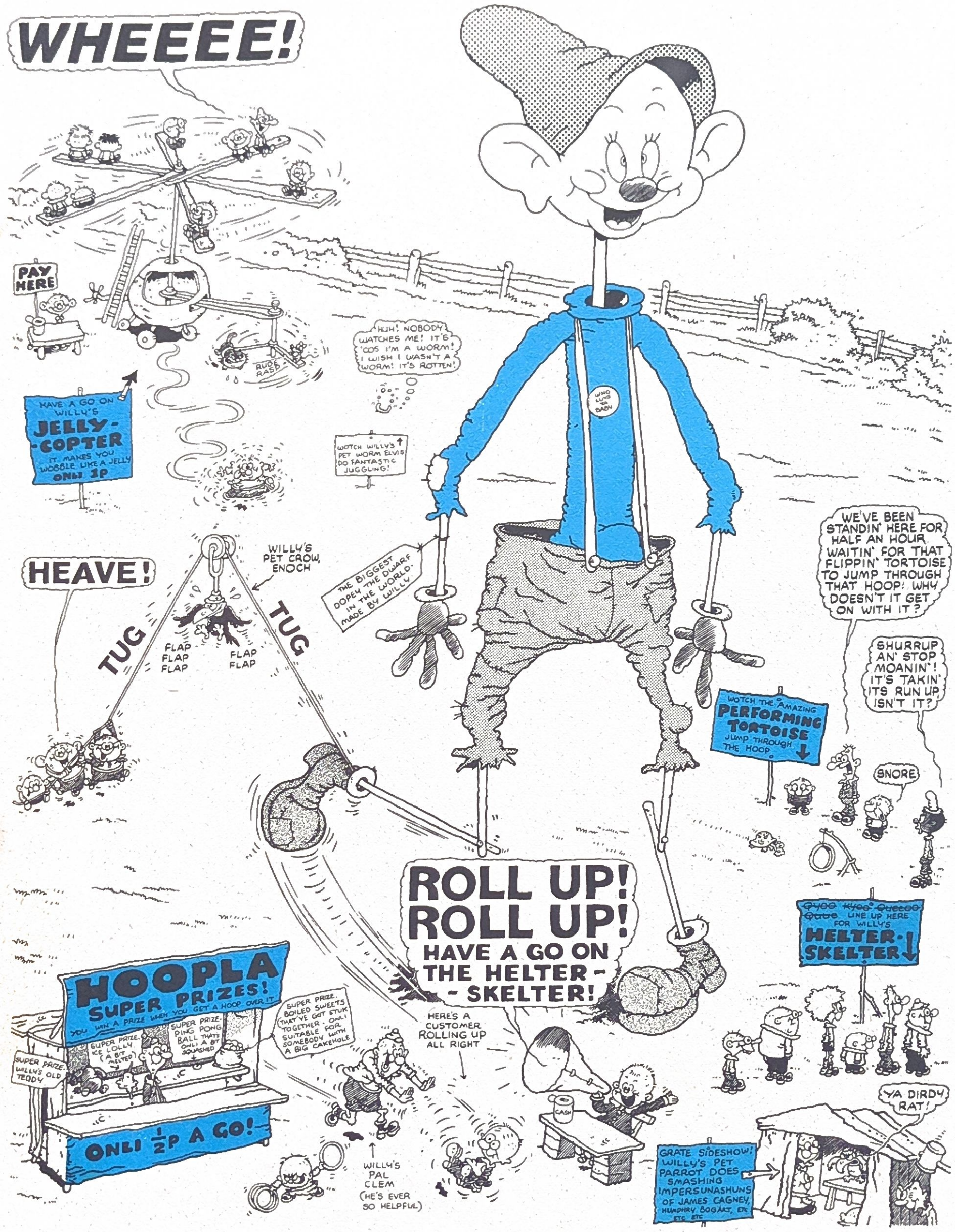
WILLY'S FUN-FAIR

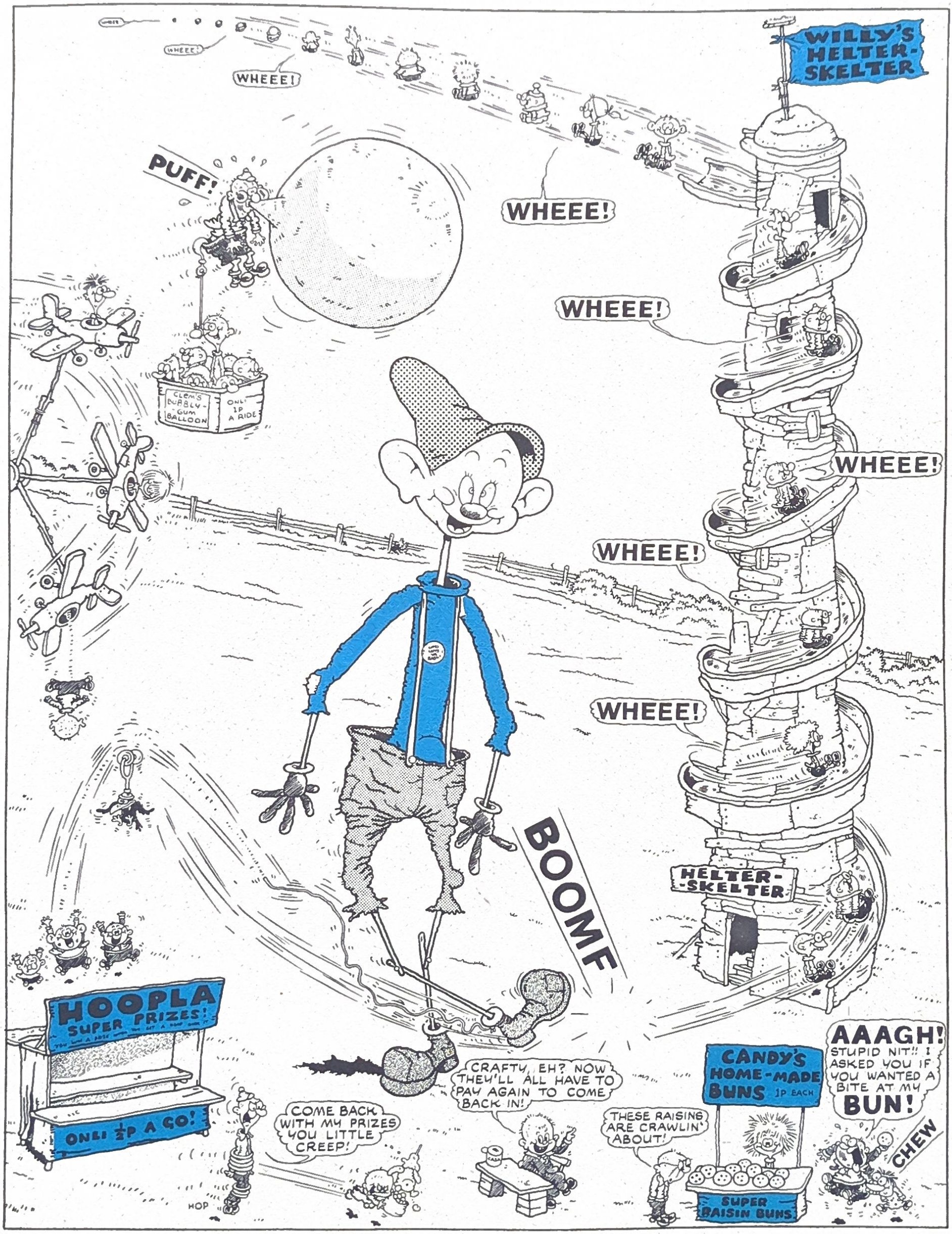





SO WILLY AND HIS PALS STARTED BUILDING THE FUN FAIR IN THE FIELD AT THE TOP OF ARMPIT ROAD ....
COME ON YOU LOT! WE NEED LOTS OF WOOD AN' STUFF TO BUILD THE FUN FAIR WITH! ANYBODY WHO COLLECTS HALF A TON OF WOOD GETS INTO THE FUN FAIR FREE!
WAG WAG
BONK BONK
I TOLD BRUTUS HIS KENNEL GOT STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, BUT YOU CAN TELL HE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME!
WILLY'S PET WOOD--PECKER
THERE'S TONS OF WOOD NEXT DOOR-IT'S GROWIN' ON MR. TOEBONE'S APPLE TREE!
CLEVER, EH?
WILLY CAN HAVE THE WOOD AN' WE'LL HAVE THE APPLES!
GLUE
BLAM BLAM SPLATTER BLAM BLAM
NAILS
BRUTUS
STRING
WHEN I TOLD YOU TO HAMMER THE NAIL INTO THE WOOD I DIDN'T MEAN MY THUMBNAIL!
STUPID PEA--BRAIN! I SAID NAILS, NOT SNAILS!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!
BEWARE OF THE BULL
I COLLECTED LOTS OF SNAILS LIKE YOU TOLD ME TO, ARNOLD!
HERE YOU ARE, WILLY! I GOT THE LADY-NEXT-DOOR'S CLOTHES POLE!
YOU CAN'T FIX WOOD TOGETHER WITH SNAILS - THEY'D CRAWL AWAY! AN' YOU CAN'T START HAMMERIN' SNAILS INTO WOOD - IT'D BE CRUEL ON THE SNAILS - NOT TO MENTION BEIN' DEAD MESSY!
OL' MISTER SILVER WAS HAVIN' A DOZE ON THE PARK BENCH, SO I CREPT UP AN' UNSCREWED HIS WOODEN LEG!
NO FISHING
SQUELCH SQUELCH!
IF HE CATCHES UP WITH YOU HE'LL UNSCREW YOUR WOODEN HEAD!

AND THREE DAYS HARD WORK LATER...
HUR HUR HUR!
WILLY'S BIG GRIPPER!
IF THE BIG GRIPPER GETS ITS HANDS ON YOU, YOU'VE HAD IT!
WILLY THOUGHT AN ORDINARY BIG DIPPER WAS A BIT DULL, SO HE MADE THIS BIG GRIPPER! IT'S DEAD SCAREY!
IT'S GAINING ON US!
THAT'S A REALLY CREEPY DUMMY DEMON THAT WILLY MADE!
SNORE
ARE YOU SURE IT'S A DUMMY?
BRUTUS
OH-OH! BRUTUS SPOTTED HIS KENNEL!
BABIES AND OLD-AGE PENSHUNERS HALF PRICE
ROLL UP! ROLL UP!
WILLY'S PET PARROT, CARRUTHERS
BETTER THAN A TUNNEL OF LUV!
MERMAID'S GROTTO
KISS THE MERMAID FOR 2P
WILLY'S FUNTASTIC FUN-FAIR!
ONLY 3P ADMISHUN
IT'S THAT GHASTLY CYNTHIA FROM OUR SCHOOL! CATCH ANYBODY KISSIN' HER!
I THOUGHT IT MEANT YOU PAID US 2P FOR KISSIN' HER!
PAY HERE
CHINK!
WINK!
CHINK!
CASH
WATER WEED


WHEEEE!
PAY HERE
RUDE RASP
HAVE A GO ON WILLY'S JELLY-COPTER IT MAKES YOU WOBBLE LIKE A JELLY ONLI 1P
HUH! NOBODY WATCHES ME! IT'S 'COS I'M A WORM! I WISH I WASN'T A WORM! IT'S ROTTEN!
WOTCH WILLY'S PET WORM ELVIS DO FANTASTIC JUGGLING!
HEAVE!
WILLY'S PET CROW, ENOCH
TUG
TUG
FLAP FLAP FLAP
FLAP FLAP
THE BIGGEST DOPEY THE DWARF IN THE WORLD. MADE BY WILLY
WE'VE BEEN STANDIN' HERE FOR HALF AN HOUR WAITIN' FOR THAT FLIPPIN' TORTOISE TO JUMP THROUGH THAT HOOP! WHY DOESN'T IT GET ON WITH IT?
SHURRUP AN' STOP MOANIN'! IT'S TAKIN' ITS RUN UP, ISN'T IT?
WOTCH THE AMAZING PERFORMING TORTOISE JUMP THROUGH THE HOOP
SNORE
ROLL UP! ROLL UP! HAVE A GO ON THE HELTER-SKELTER!
LINE UP HERE FOR WILLY'S HELTER-SKELTER
HOOPLA SUPER PRIZES! YOU WIN A PRIZE WHEN YOU GET A HOOP OVER IT
SUPER PRIZE. ICE LOLLY (A BIT MELTED)
SUPER PRIZE. PING PONG BALL THATS ONLI A BIT SQUASHED
SUPER PRIZE. WILLY'S OLD TEDDY
ONLI ½P A GO!
SUPER PRIZE. BOILED SWEETS THAT'VE GOT STUK TOGETHER. ONLI SUITABLE FOR SOMEBODY WITH A BIG CAKEHOLE
HERE'S A CUSTOMER ROLLING UP ALL RIGHT
WILLY'S PAL CLEM (HE'S EVER SO HELPFUL)
CASH
YA DIRDY RAT!
GRATE SIDESHOW! WILLY'S PET PARROT DOES SMASHING IMPERSUNASHUNS OF JAMES CAGNEY, HUMPHRY BOGART, ETC ETC ETC


WHEEE!
WHEEE!
WILLY'S HELTER-SKELTER
PUFF!
WHEEE!
WHEEE!
CLEM'S BUBBLY-GUM BALLOON
ONLY 1P A RIDE
WHEEE!
WHEEE!
WHEEE!
BOOMF
HELTER-SKELTER
HOOPLA
SUPER PRIZES!
ONLY ½P A GO!
COME BACK WITH MY PRIZES YOU LITTLE CREEP!
CRAFTY, EH? NOW THEY'LL ALL HAVE TO PAY AGAIN TO COME BACK IN!
THESE RAISING ARE CRAWLIN' ABOUT!
CANDY'S HOME-MADE BUNS 1P EACH
SUPER RAISIN BUNS
AAAGH! STUPID NIT!! I ASKED YOU IF YOU WANTED A BITE AT MY BUN!
CHEW
HOP

WILLY'S DODGEMS

ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

WILLY'S GHOST TRAIN

QUAAACK!

FRED WANTS TO BE A STUKA DIVE-BOMBER WHEN HE GROWS UP

SHOOT THE DUCKS!

PRIZE. 1 GOLDFISH (DECEASED)

SHOOT A DUCK WIV A RUBBER ARROW AND WIN A PRIZE. ONLI 1P A GO!

SP LAT!

LOOK OUT! THE DUCKS HAVE GOT MAD AT US 'COS WE'VE BEEN SHOOTIN' AT 'EM!

CHEW

LOOK OUT! THE DUCKS ARE COUNTER-ATTACKING! THEY'RE ATTACKING ME WITH THE COUNTER FROM THE SIDESHOW!

SPLATTER!

IT'S A SMASHIN' FUN-FAIR, WILLY! WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE THING IN THE FAIR, WILLY?

THE ROUNDABOUT, GEORGIE!

CASH

EH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? THERE ISN'T ANY ROUNDABOUT!

WILLY LUVS TO HEAR MONEY CHINKING!

CHINK CHINK CHINK CHINK

WILLY'S PIGGY BANK

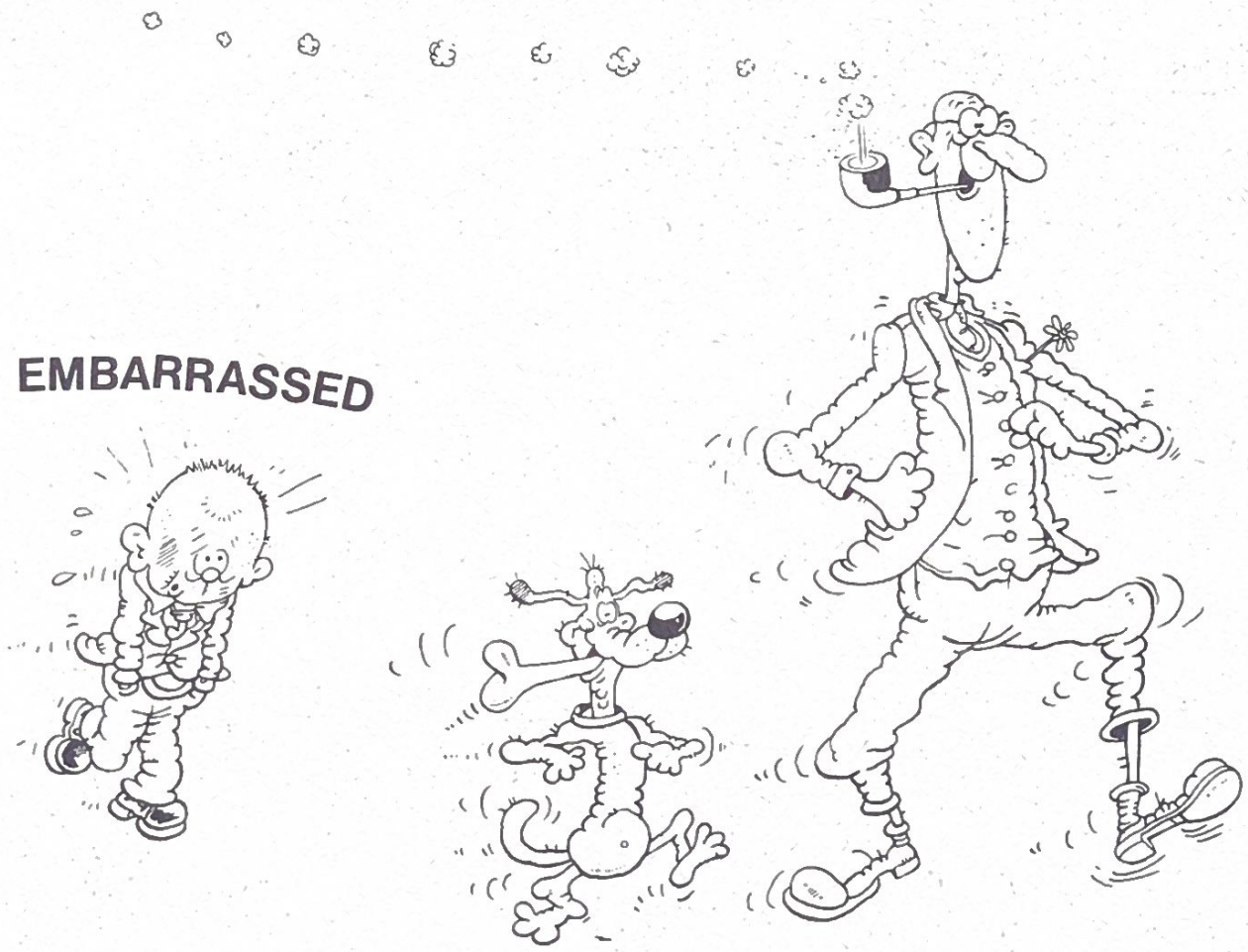
ROUNDABOUT £3·50P IS HOW MUCH MONEY I COLLECTED! THAT'S MY FAVOURITE PART OF THE FUNFAIR!

FUNTASTIC UN-FAIR!

CHINK CHINK

HEE HEE HEE!

Going For A Walk With Grandad



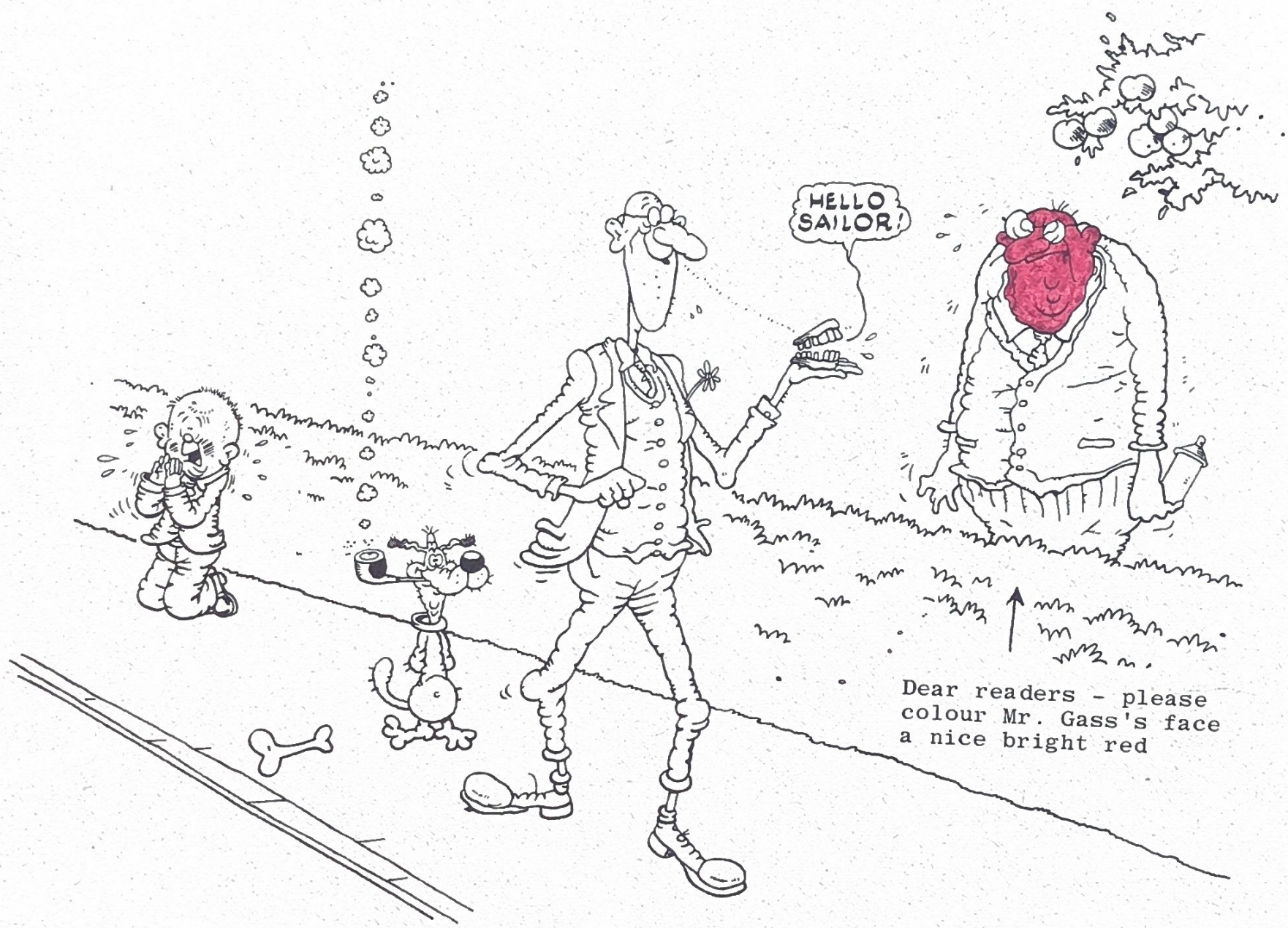
Hello pals, this is me Willy again. The other day me and my pals Candy and Dumbo were playing in the field at the top of Armpit Road. We were playing Blind Man's Squelch. It's a lot more interesting than Blind Man's Bluff. There's a lot of funny round brown things in the field. I've never been able to figure out where they come from, but they squelch when you step in them, and they have a funny pong. We take it in turns to have a blindfold on, trying to tread in as many round brown things as possible in thirty seconds. The one who gets the most squelches is the winner. It's a jolly good game.

Suddenly I felt something hard jabbed into my back, and a voice bellowed in my ear: "Don't move, Goldfinger! This is 007 James Bond! I've got my Walther PPK Automatic jammed in your back! If you move an inch I'll blow your brains out!"

"Oh crumbs, hello Grandad." I said. My Grandad is 76, but he's always playing daft jokes. I knew it was Grandad, because I'd heard him creeping up behind me. I mean you couldn't help hearing him. For one thing he's short sighted and he trod in lots of things that made squelching noises. For another thing he's got creaky kneebones, so I could hear him squelching and creaking all the way across the field.

Unfortunately when Grandad turned his pipe upside down, pretending it was a gun, all the baccy fell out onto the grass.

"Oh deary me," said Grandad (he didn't *actually* say "Oh deary me," but we couldn't print what he actually said) "That's the last of my baccy gone. I'll have to go up the road and get some from the tobacconist. Would you like to have a walk with me to the shop, Willy? We'll have a nice chat while we're walking." Well, I didn't really want to go for a walk with my Grandad. He's so *embarrassing* to go for a walk with. He says all sorts of embarrassing things, and he says 'em in a very loud voice, so people can hear what he's saying for miles. He makes rude remarks about people that we pass in the street. His rear end makes rude noises too. It's so *embarrassing*, but he doesn't seem to notice.



Whenever I have to go for a walk with my Grandad I try to look like I'm not with him, and I pretend he's nothing to do with me. But it's no use. He bellows at everybody we meet that I'm his grandson. He's very proud of me, I dunno why. He tells everybody I look like him. I hope I *don't* look like him. He's as bald as a billiard ball and he's got hairs sprouting out of his nose. Anyway, I didn't want to go for a walk with him to the tobacconist's shop, but he didn't give me much choice.

We went up Armpit Road and turned up Dadsarmy Avenue. The Headmaster of my school, Mister Gass, lives in Dadsarmy Avenue, and he was in his front garden squirting his prize apples with insect spray. He wins prizes with them at shows (the apples, not the insects). My Grandad spotted Mister Gass.

"Why, it's Cecil Gass," he bellowed, "I remember him when he was a little lad! He lived at the end of our street! Everybody called him 'Poison Gass' because he was always leaking incredible ghastly smells." Then Grandad helped himself to one of Mister Gass's prize apples. "I'll try one of your apples, Gassy!" he bellowed, "I LUV apples! Here, just hold my false teeth a minute! I can't eat crunchy apples with my teeth in." It was so embarrassing.

It got more and more embarrassing. Grandad started making loud chomping noises.

"This is a jolly good apple, Gassy! Here, I'll show you a good trick!" bellowed Grandad. Actually, what he said sounded more like "Thishish julligd obblgashi eerull shlumfu aglub schlick!" but I've heard Grandad talking with his mouth full so often that I've become an expert at translating what he's saying.

"I used to be a jolly good ventriloquist, Gassy! Just watch this!" bellowed Grandad. Then he did his daft ventriloquist act. Mister Gass was turning purple with rage and his eyeballs were bulging. I started praying for the ground to swallow Grandad up.

Anyway thank goodness Grandad decided it was time to carry on with our walk in case he missed getting to the tobacconists before it closed.

"Did you see that fantastic ventriloquist act I did, Willy ?" Grandad bellowed "You couldn't see my lips move." But I wasn't paying attention, because I spotted that smashing Sandra walking towards us with her little brother. I'm potty about Sandra. She's in the fifth year at my school, and she's SMASHING. But she never takes any notice of me. It's rotten.

"Hey, Grandad," I said "PLEASE don't do anything embarrassing while we're walking past that girl – it's Sandra from our school and I think she's *smashing !*"

"Embarrassing ?" bellowed Grandad "What are you talking about ? I never do anything embarrassing!" As we came up to Sandra and her little brother he bellowed at her: "hello Sandra, this is my Grandson Willy! He looks just like me doesn't he ? DO YOU KNOW HE FANCIES YOU ?" It was so *embarrassing !*

Grandad pulled a sweet out of his trouser pocket. It had lots of baccy and fluff and stuff stuck all over it, so Grandad gave it a quick suck to get rid of the baccy and stuff, then he handed it to me.

"Here y'are Willy" he whispered (you could hear him whispering a couple of miles away) "Here's a sweet for you to give to Sandra." As soon as he turned his back I gave it to my dog Kojak to bury.

Suddenly my Grandad spotted the big Soccer Scrapbook that Sandra's brother was carrying. Sandra's brother is potty about Soccer. He fills scrapbooks with newspaper cuttings about famous football players. Sandra's mad about football too. Grandad grabbed the scrapbook: "What's this ? A soccer scrapbook! Did you know I was a First Division footballer fifty years ago ? I played in the Cup Final at Wembley!" Sandra's little brother turned bright pink and went all wobbly with excitement: "WOT ? Crikey! You played at Wembley ? ?"

I know my Grandad's a terrible fibber, but he wasn't telling fibs about playing in the Cup Final at Wembley fifty years ago, because my Mum's got an old photograph at home of my Grandad and his team mates lined up on the pitch at Wembley, waiting to shake hands with King George V. Trust my Grandad to be picking his nose just before he shook hands with the King of England.

Anyway, Sandra's brother got my Grandad to sign his autograph. Sandra came and stood next to me and gave me a dazzling smile. I felt my face go all red.

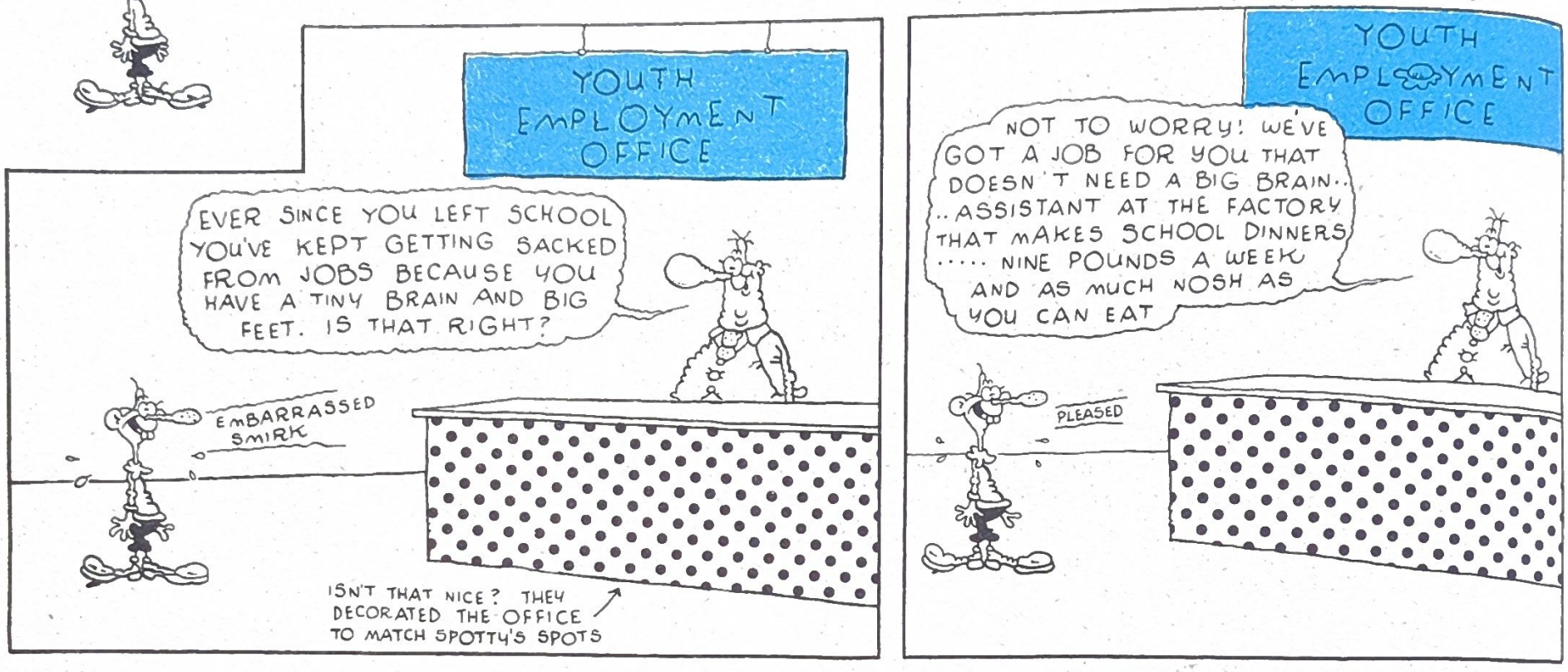
"Golly, Willy," Sandra said "I didn't know your Grandad was a famous footballer! Would you like to come to the big match with me on Saturday ?"

"*Gulp*, er, crickey, yes please Sandra" I gabbled.

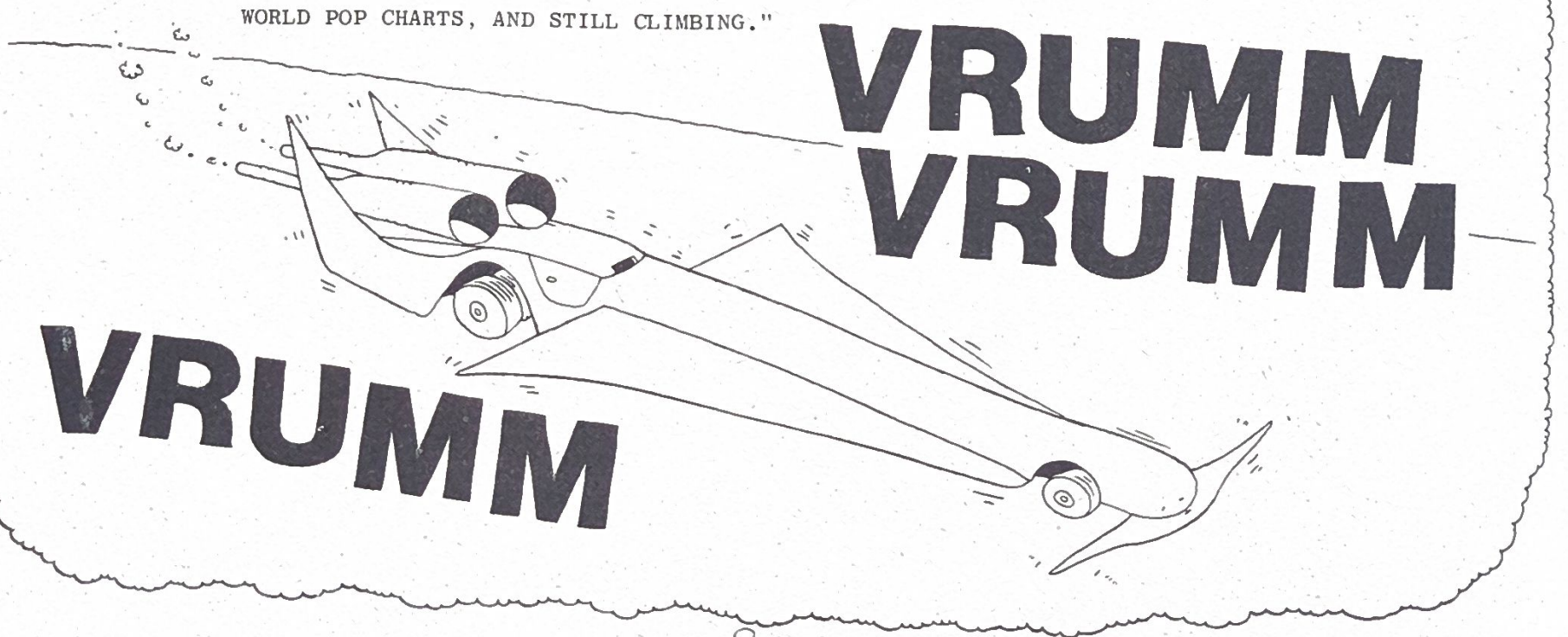
Crikey! I'll never ever grumble again about going for a walk with Grandad! If it hadn't been for him I wouldn't be going to the football with that smashing Sandra. . . .

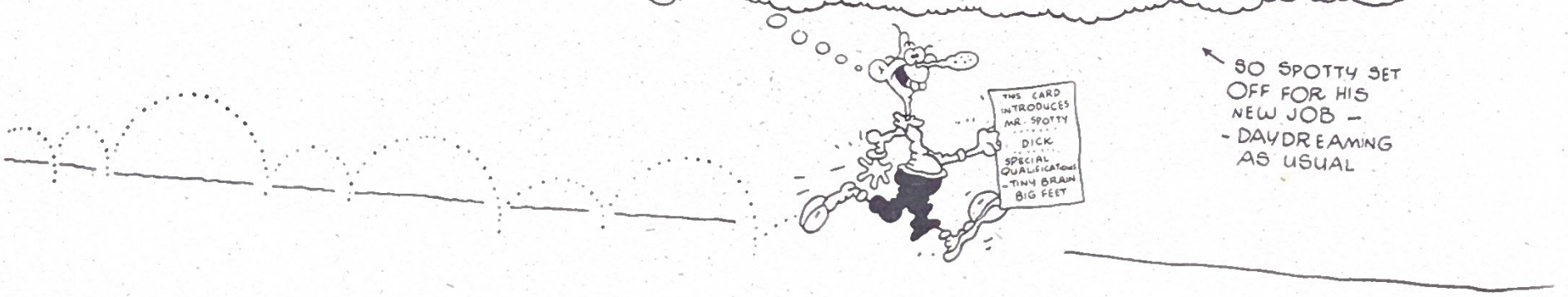
. . . Only trouble is, my Grandad says he's coming to the match with us.

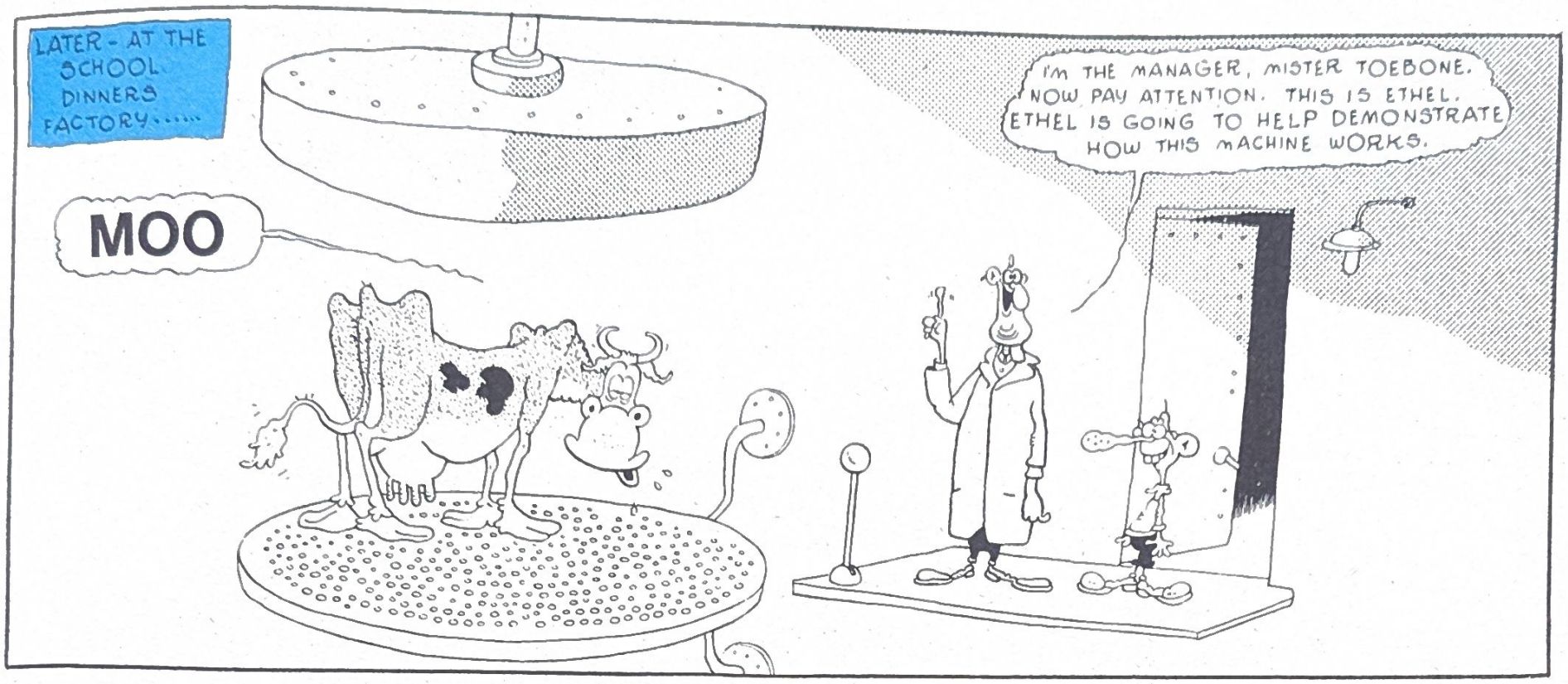
SPOTTY DICK

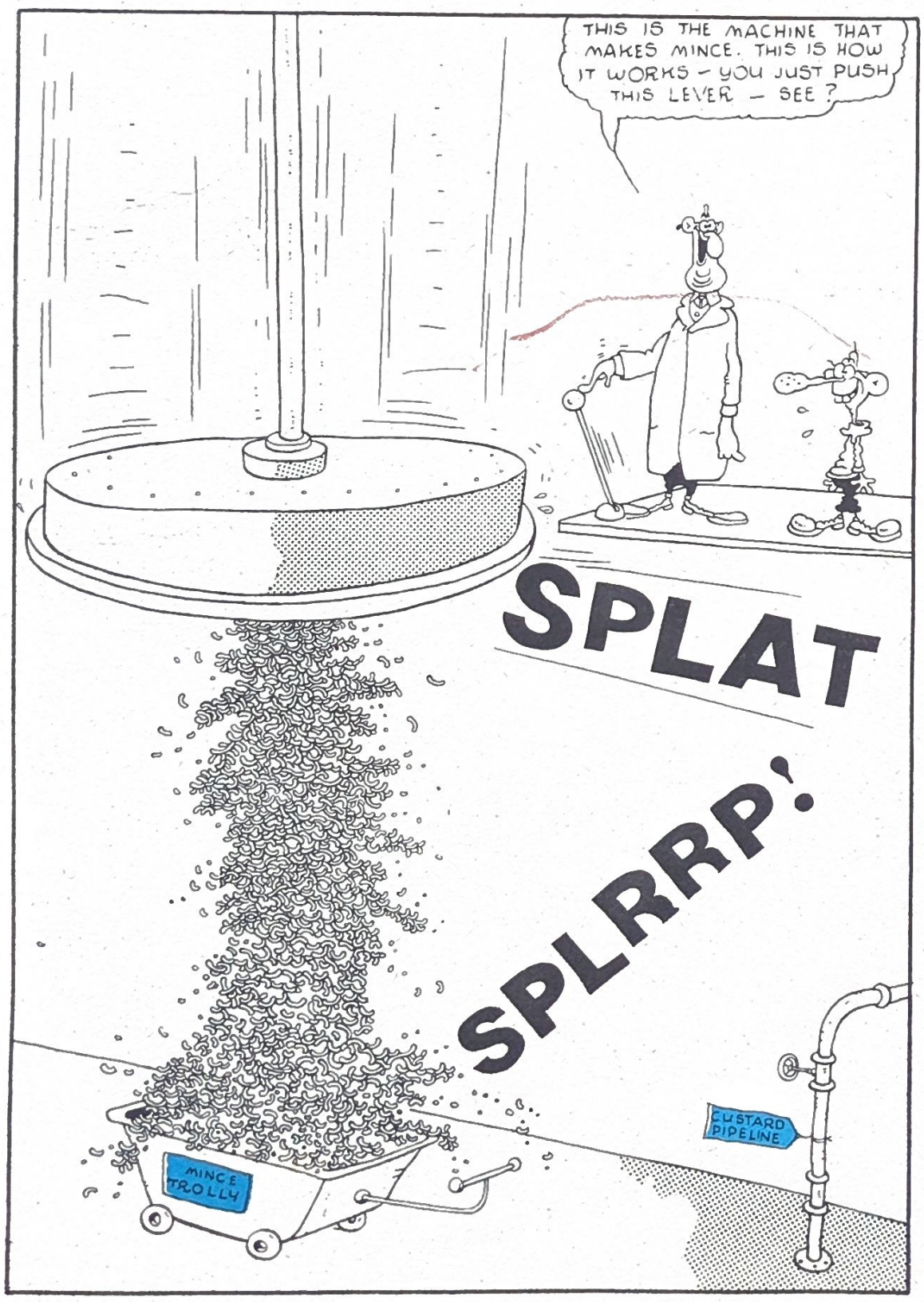


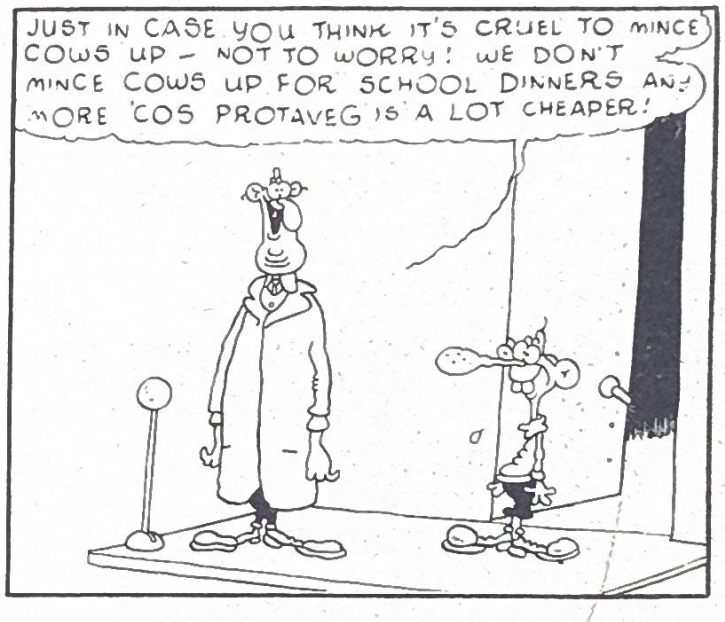
"LIVE BY SATELLITE ON WORLDWIDE TV - ONLY HOURS AFTER SCORING THE WINNING GOAL IN THE DYING SECONDS OF THE WORLD CUP FINAL, SPOTTY DICK PREPARES TO BREAK THE WORLD LAND-SPEED RECORD IN HIS SPOTTYMOBILE, DESIGNED AND BUILT BY SPOTTY HIMSELF. SPOTTY DICK'S PLATINUM DISC ROCK HIT 'YA MUSN'T TOUCH ME 'COS YA DON'T KNOW WHERE AH'VE BIN, IF YA CATCH MA SPOTS OFF ME IT WON'T HALF BE A SIN', IS AT NO. 1 IN ALL WORLD POP CHARTS, AND STILL CLIMBING."

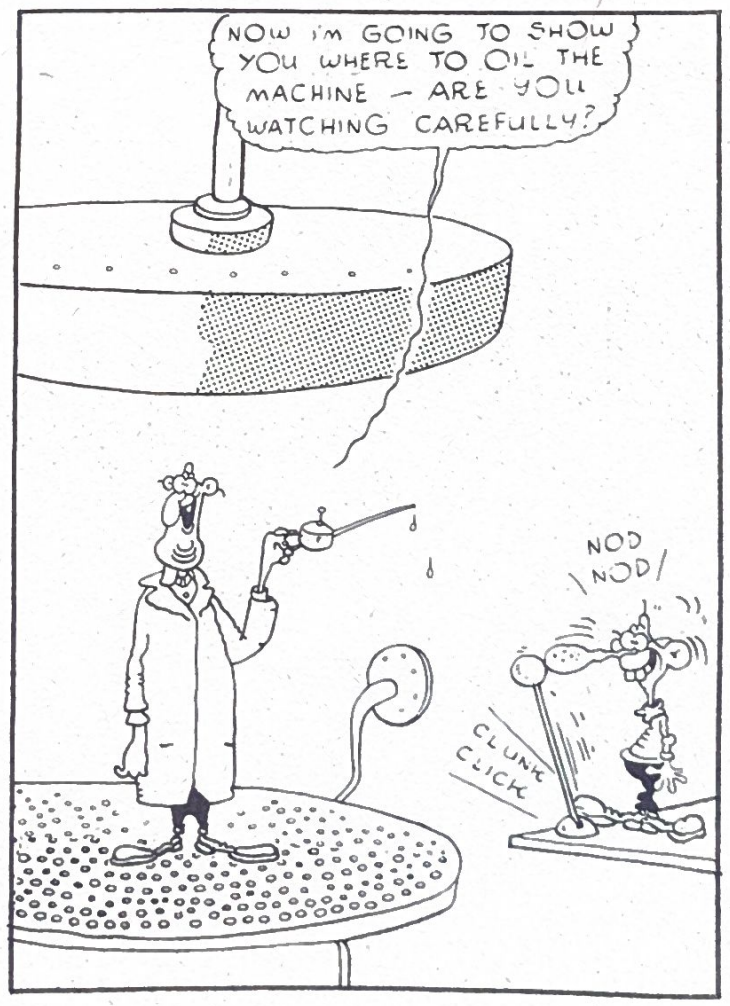


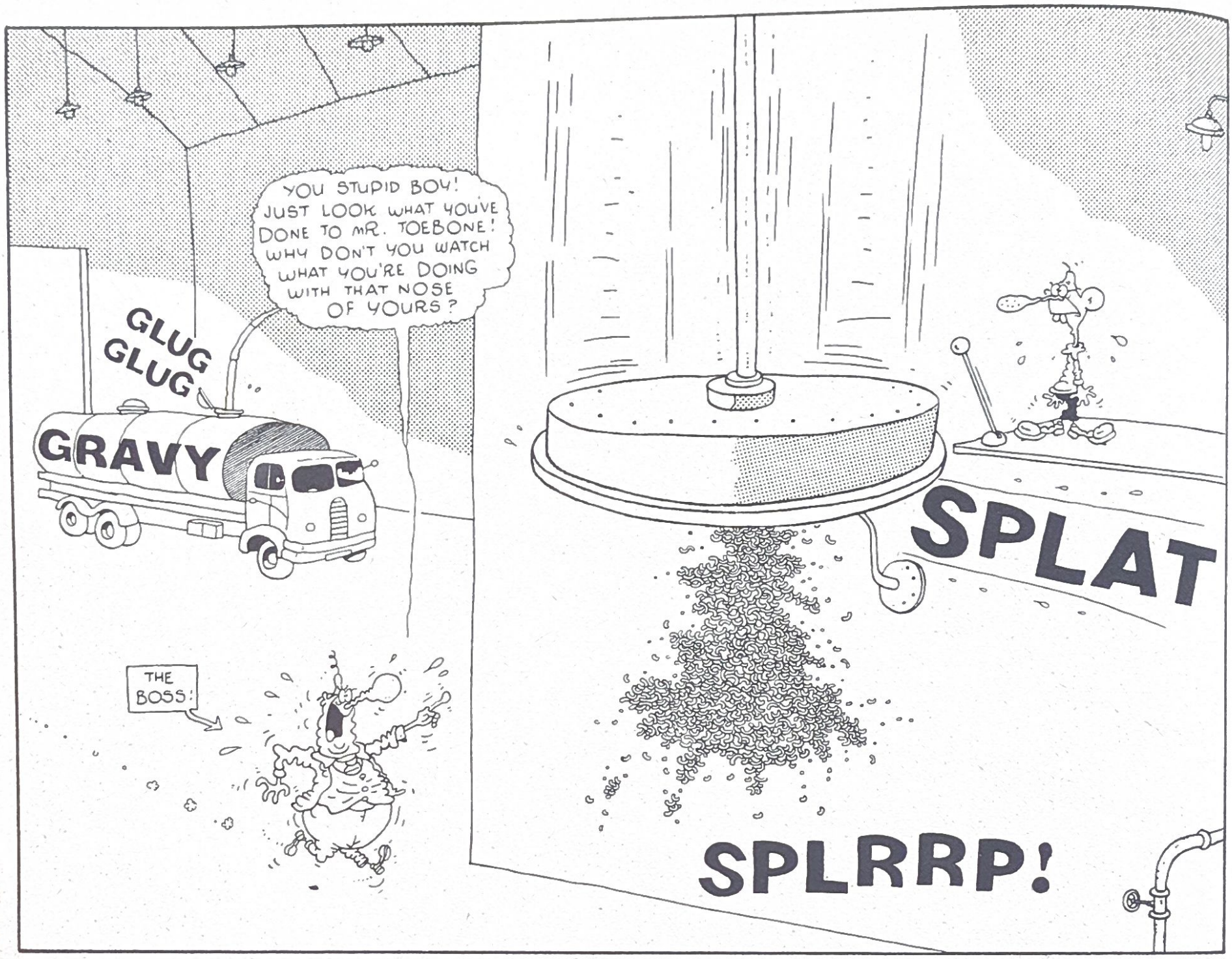


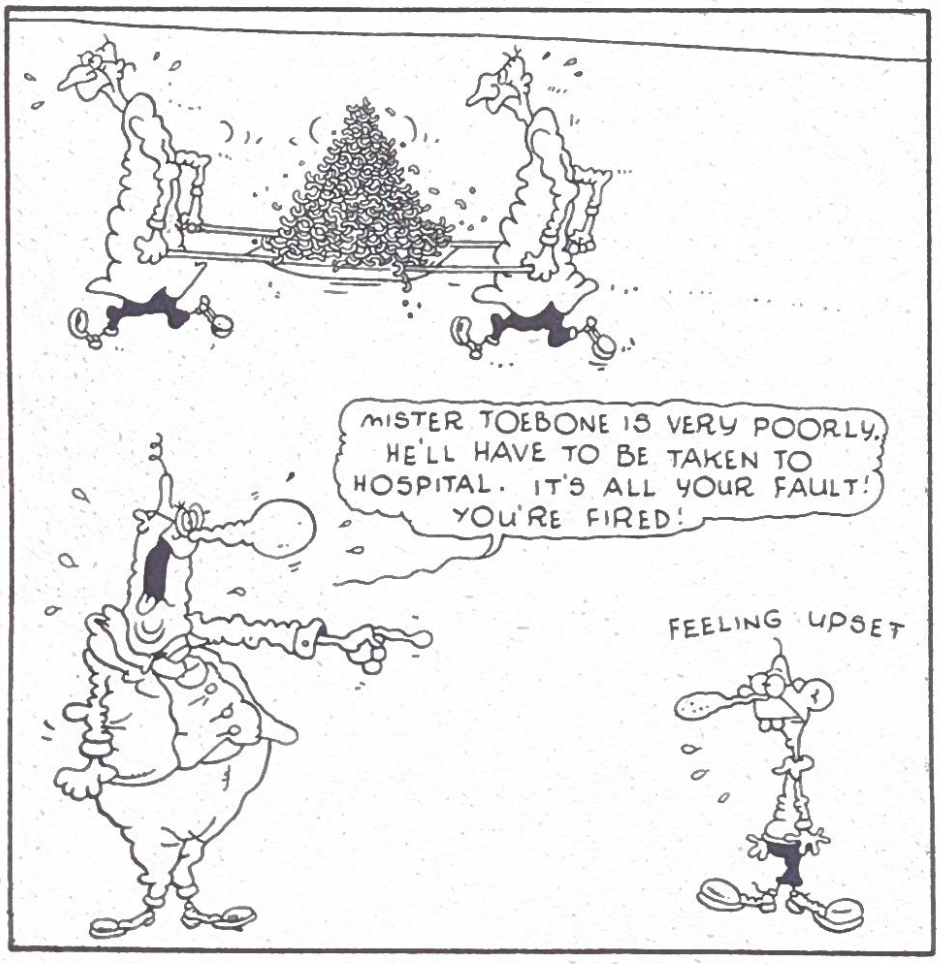

LATER - AT THE SCHOOL DINNERS FACTORY.....
MOO
I'M THE MANAGER, MISTER TOEBONE. NOW PAY ATTENTION. THIS IS ETHEL. ETHEL IS GOING TO HELP DEMONSTRATE HOW THIS MACHINE WORKS.

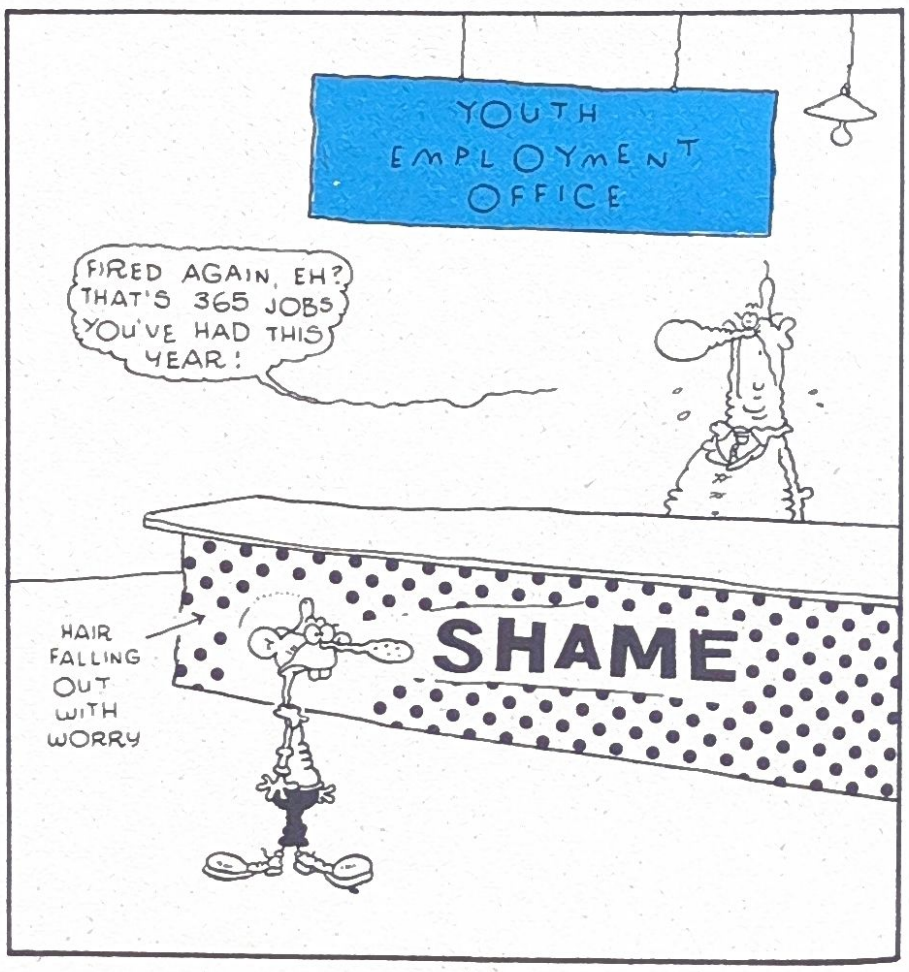

THIS IS THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MINCE. THIS IS HOW IT WORKS - YOU JUST PUSH THIS LEVER - SEE ?
SPLAT
SPLRRP!
MINCE TROLLY
CUSTARD PIPELINE

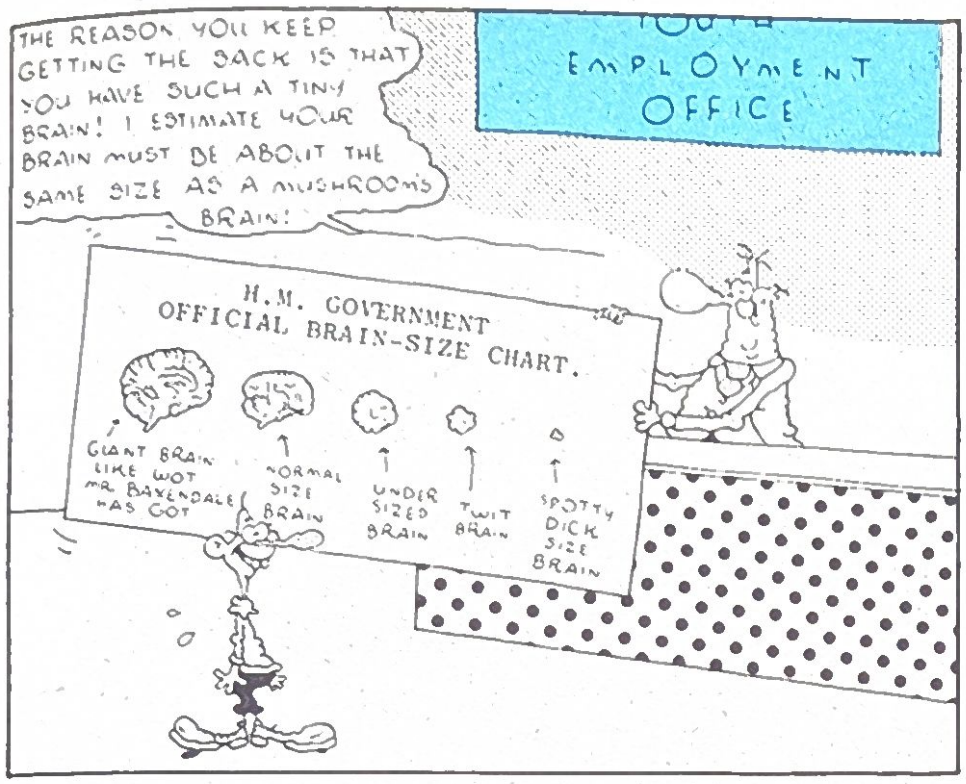

JUST IN CASE YOU THINK IT'S CRUEL TO MINCE COWS UP - NOT TO WORRY! WE DON'T MINCE COWS UP FOR SCHOOL DINNERS ANY MORE 'COS PROTAVEG IS A LOT CHEAPER!

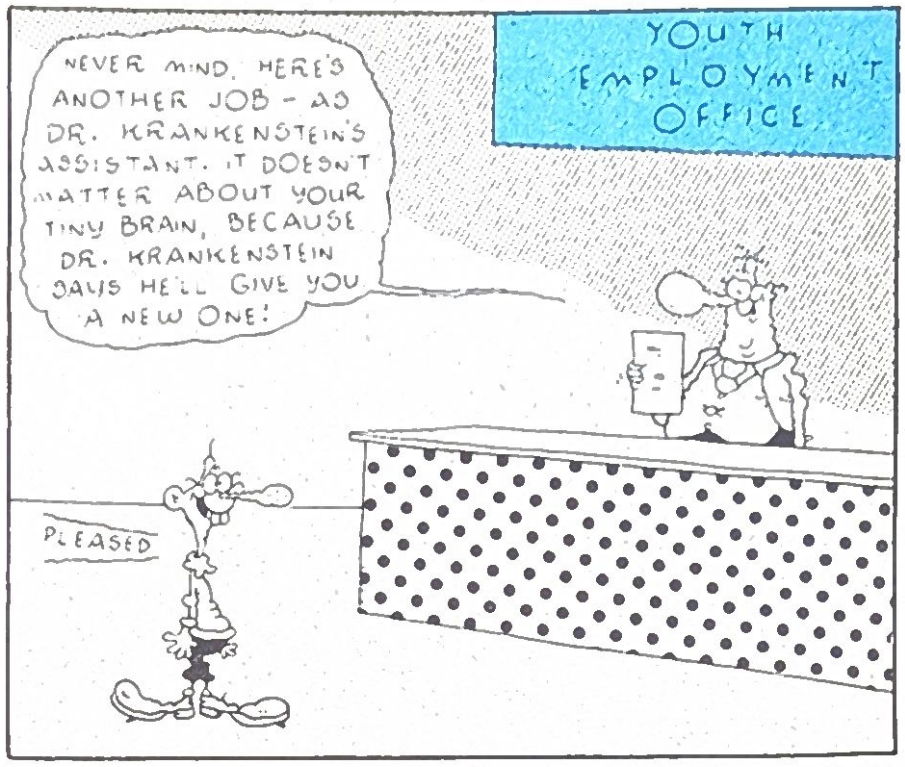

NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHERE TO OIL THE MACHINE - ARE YOU WATCHING CAREFULLY?
NOD NOD
CLUNK CLICK

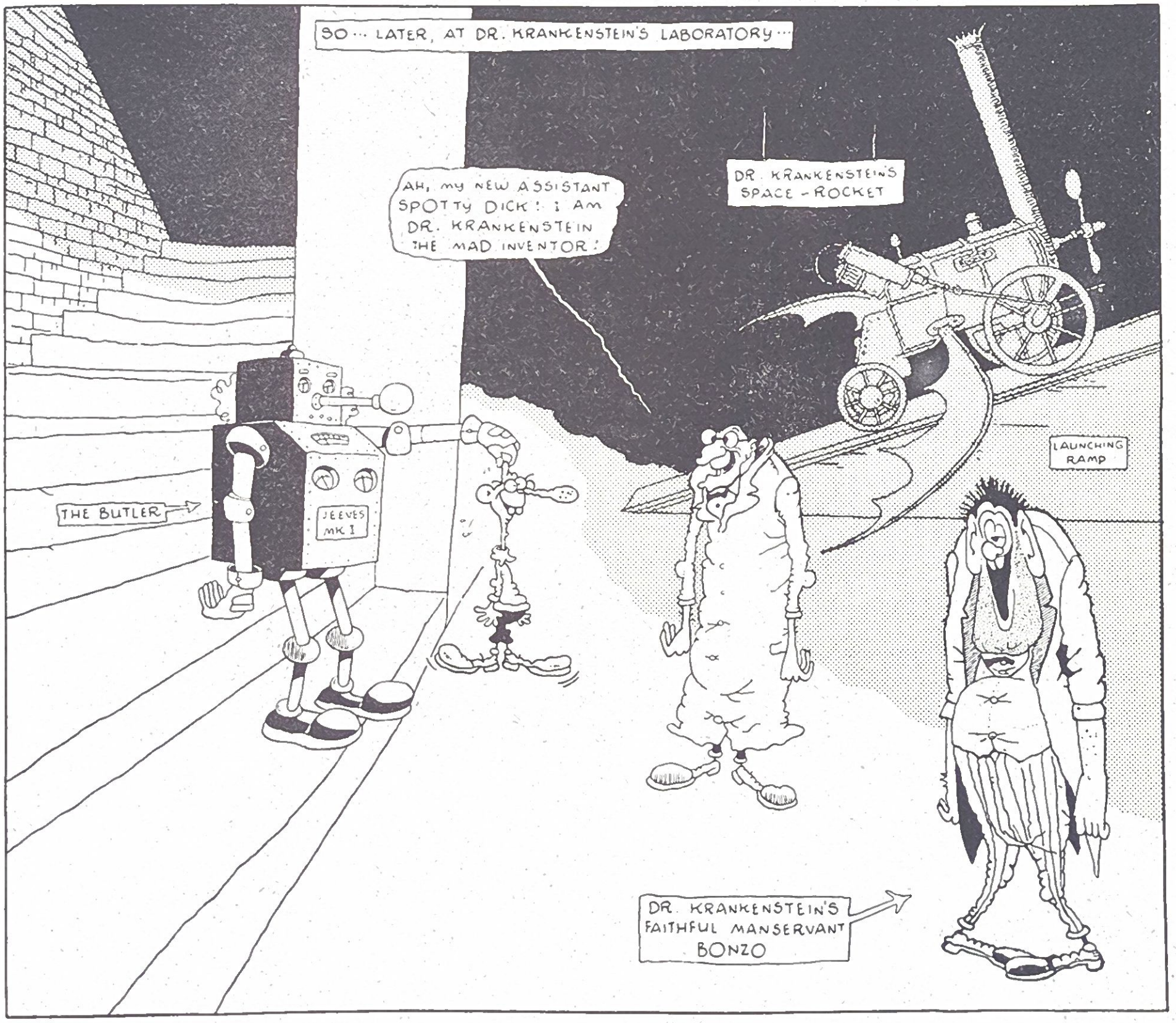

YOU STUPID BOY! JUST LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MR. TOEBONE! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH THAT NOSE OF YOURS?
GLUG GLUG
GRAVY
THE BOSS:
SPLAT
SPLRRP!

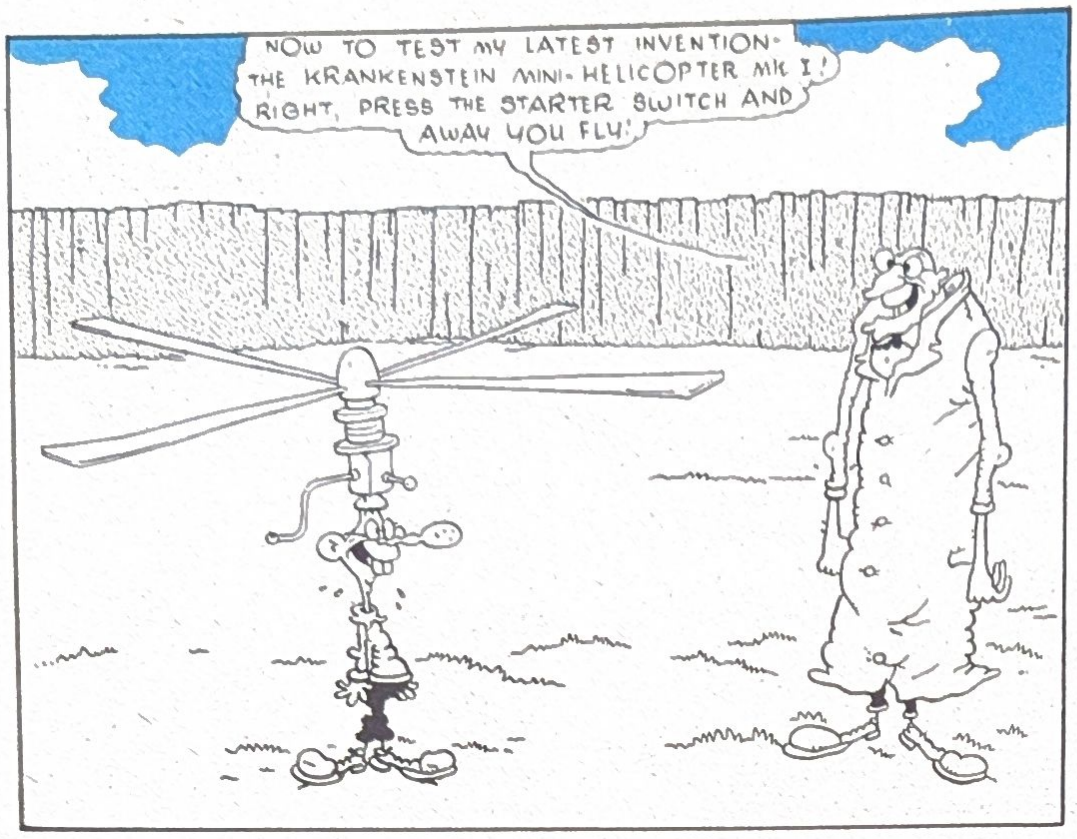

MISTER TOEBONE IS VERY POORLY. HE'LL HAVE TO BE TAKEN TO HOSPITAL. IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! YOU'RE FIRED!
FEELING UPSET

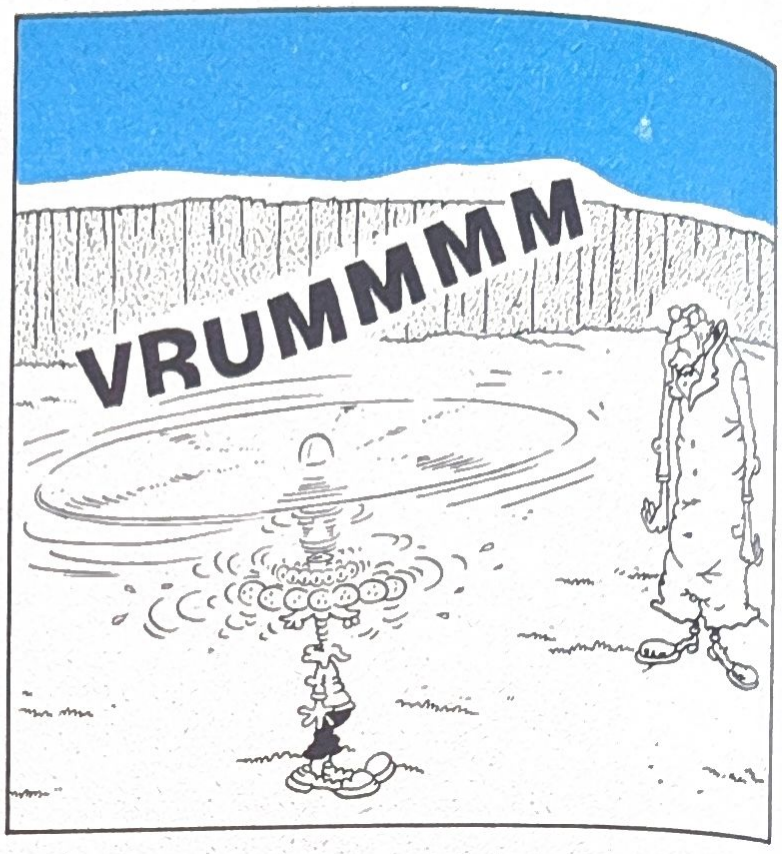

YOUTH EMPLOYMENT OFFICE
FIRED AGAIN, EH? THAT'S 365 JOBS YOU'VE HAD THIS YEAR!
HAIR FALLING OUT WITH WORRY
SHAME

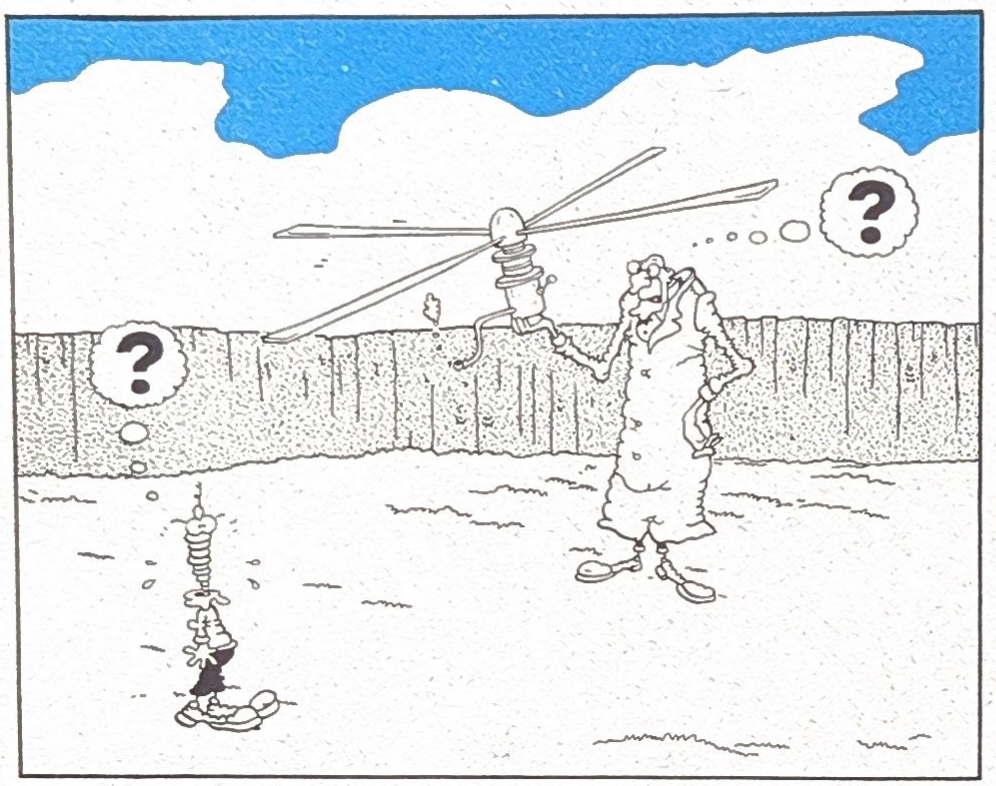

THE REASON YOU KEEP GETTING THE SACK IS THAT YOU HAVE SUCH A TINY BRAIN! I ESTIMATE YOUR BRAIN MUST BE ABOUT THE SAME SIZE AS A MUSHROOM'S BRAIN!
EMPLOYMENT OFFICE
H.M. GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL BRAIN-SIZE CHART.
GIANT BRAIN LIKE WOT MR. BAYENDALE HAS GOT
NORMAL SIZE BRAIN
UNDER SIZED BRAIN
TWIT BRAIN
SPOTTY DICK SIZE BRAIN


NEVER MIND, HERE'S ANOTHER JOB - AS DR. KRANKENSTEIN'S ASSISTANT. IT DOESN'T MATTER ABOUT YOUR TINY BRAIN, BECAUSE DR. KRANKENSTEIN SAYS HE'LL GIVE YOU A NEW ONE!
YOUTH EMPLOYMENT OFFICE
PLEASED

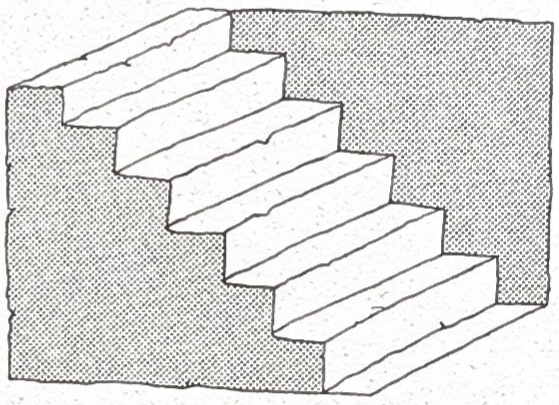

SO··· LATER, AT DR. KRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY···
AH, MY NEW ASSISTANT SPOTTY DICK! I AM DR. KRANKENSTEIN THE MAD INVENTOR!
DR. KRANKENSTEIN'S SPACE-ROCKET
LAUNCHING RAMP
THE BUTLER
JEEVES MK I
DR. KRANKENSTEIN'S FAITHFUL MANSERVANT BONZO



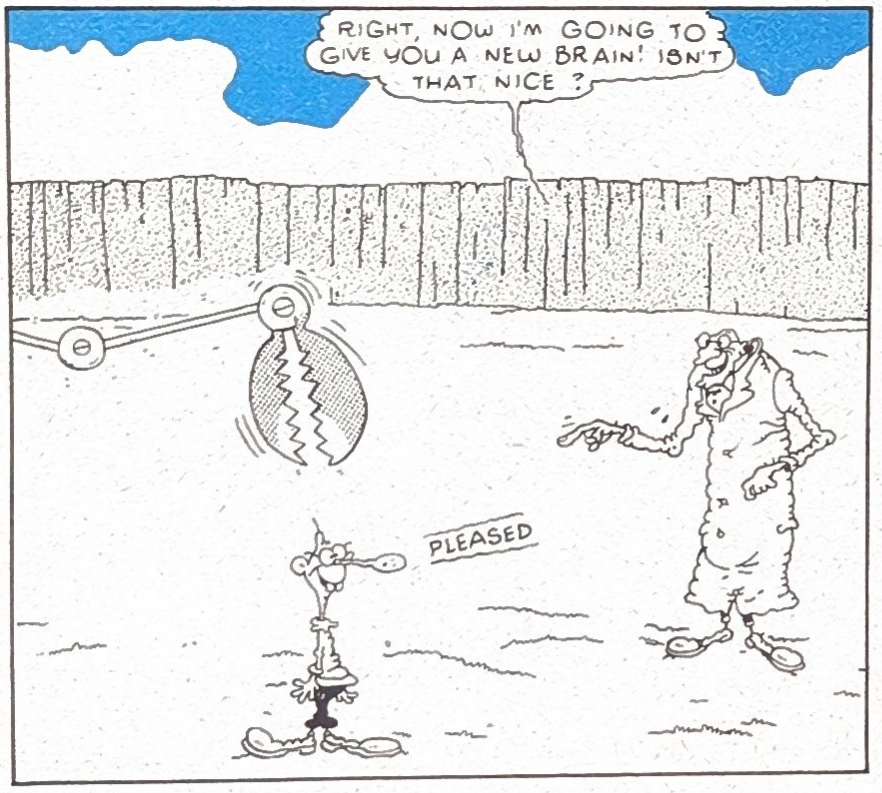


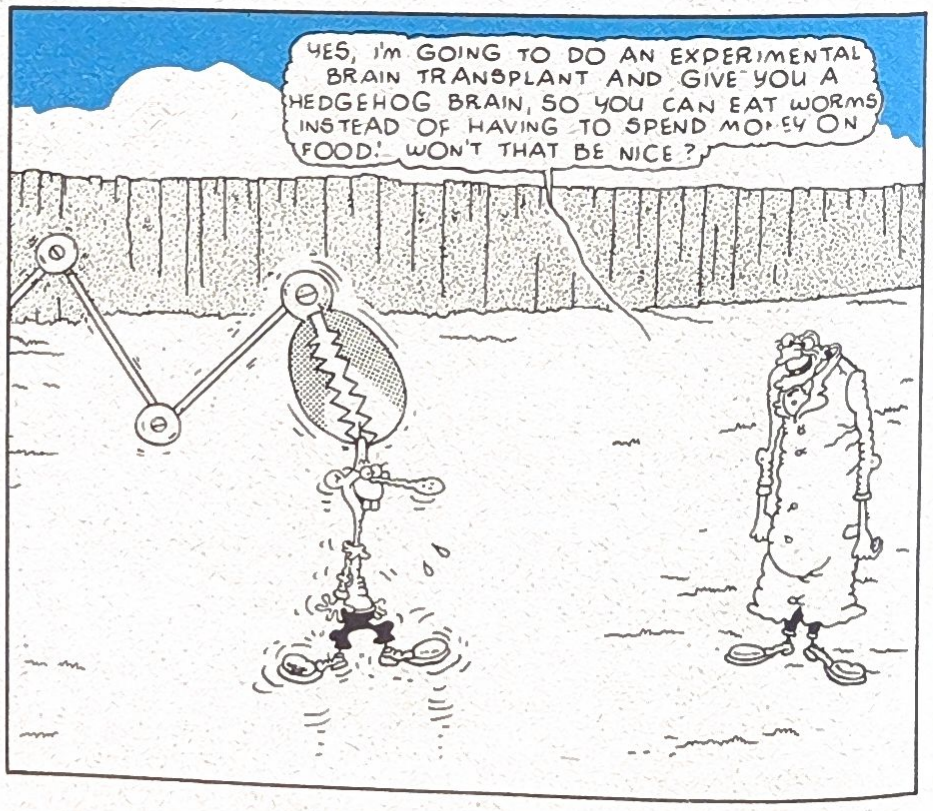


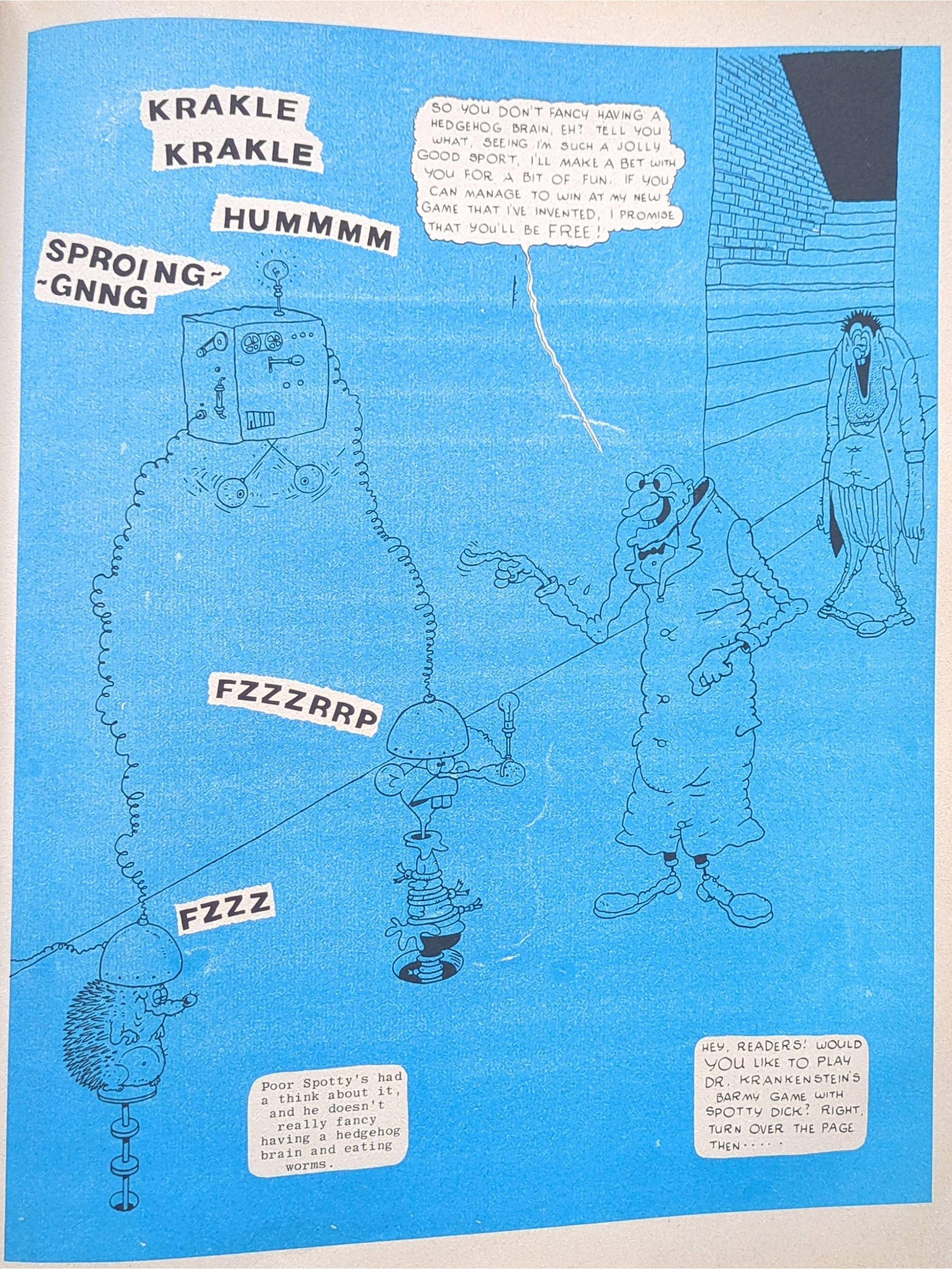
Dr. Krankenstein's amazing bionic stairs.



How about that?






KRAKLE KRAKLE
HUMMMM
SPROING~ ~GNNG
SO YOU DON'T FANCY HAVING A HEDGEHOG BRAIN, EH? TELL YOU WHAT, SEEING I'M SUCH A JOLLY GOOD SPORT, I'LL MAKE A BET WITH YOU FOR A BIT OF FUN. IF YOU CAN MANAGE TO WIN AT MY NEW GAME THAT I'VE INVENTED, I PROMISE THAT YOU'LL BE FREE!
FZZZRRP
FZZZ
Poor Spotty's had a think about it, and he doesn't really fancy having a hedgehog brain and eating worms.
HEY, READERS! WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY DR. KRANKENSTEIN'S BARMY GAME WITH SPOTTY DICK? RIGHT, TURN OVER THE PAGE THEN....

HERE IT IS! DR. KRANKENSTEIN'S

BONKERS

THE GAME THAT WILL DRIVE YOU BONKERS

HERE'S HOW TO PLAY – YOU CAN USE ANYTHING AS A COUNTER ... ... A COIN, A BUTTON, AN OLD SAUSAGE – ANYTHING. YOU NEED A DICE. IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A DICE, CUT OUT SIX LITTLE SQUARES OF PAPER WITH SCISSORS, THEN PUT DOTS ON. SHUFFLE THEM ABOUT WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED – EYES CLOSED! NO CHEATING! (WELL, YOU CAN CHEAT IF YOU LIKE, I DON'T CARE)

START HERE

1

2

YOU ARE TIED UP WITH BIG THICK ROPES

3

GO BACK TWO PLACES

4

5

YOU MANAGE TO WRIGGLE YOUR FINGERS INTO YOUR POCKET AND FIND AN OLD HALF-SUCKED SWEET WITH FLUFF STUCK TO IT. IT'S AN ACID-DROP SO YOU DROP THE ACID ON THE ROPES AND BURN THROUGH THEM! HAR HAR! GO FORWARD FIVE PLACES!

6

7

8

9

10

11

IF YOU LAUGHED AT THAT MOULDY JOKE ABOUT ACID DROPS IN SQUARE 6, GO BACK TWO PLACES

(AND IF YOU DIDN'T LAUGH, GO BACK SIX PLACES)

12

13

14

15

YOU FIND A LONG METAL POLE IN A CORNER OF THE LABORATORY AND GET THE CRAFTY IDEA OF USING IT TO VAULT THROUGH A WINDOW HIGH UP IN THE ROOF. GO FORWARD TWO PLACES

16

17

18

YOU GET AN AWFUL SHOCK – DR. KRANKENSTEIN HAD PLUGGED THE POLE INTO TWO MILLION VOLTS ('COS IT'S A VOLTING POLE, HAR HAR!) DIDN'T YOU KNOW SMOKING IS BAD FOR YOU? GO BACK FOUR PLACES

19

20

21

22

DR. KRANKENSTEIN DOES A BRAIN TRANSPLANT ON YOU WITH A HEDGEHOG'S BRAIN.

23

EAT A WORM SANDWICH AND GO BACK TWO PLACES

33 34 35 36 37 38 39

AS YOU RUN ALONG A PASSAGE A SECRET TRAP-DOOR OPENS UNDER YOU AND YOU PLUNGE THROUGH....

...GO BACK A PLACE

32

YOU USE THE FILING CABINET IN DOCTOR KRANKENSTEIN'S OFFICE TO FILE THROUGH THE BARS ON THE WINDOW! HEH HEH HEH! GO FORWARD THREE PLACES

40

WHEN YOU FELL THROUGH THE SECRET TRAPDOOR YOU LANDED IN A POOL OF DR. KRANKENSTEIN'S SPECIAL SHRINKING LIQUID. GO BACK TWO PLACES

30 42

29 43

YOU ARE LOCKED IN DR. KRANKENSTEIN'S OFFICE. THE CONCRETE WALLS ARE 2' THICK, THE DOOR IS SOLID STEEL, AND THE WINDOW HAS 2" THICK IRON BARS. GO BACK TWO PLACES.

THE SHRINKING LIQUID MADE YOU SO TINY THAT YOU CAN ESCAPE THROUGH THE CRACK UNDER THE DOOR

GO FORWARD THREE PLACES

FIVE HUNDRED-AND-ONE, FIVE HUNDRED-AND-TWO, FIVE HUNDRED-AND-THREE-

27 45

26 46

25

THIS IS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE GAME - WE'RE JUST FILLING UP THE SPACE

AS YOU NOW HAVE A HEDGEHOG BRAIN YOU GO INTO HIBERNATION

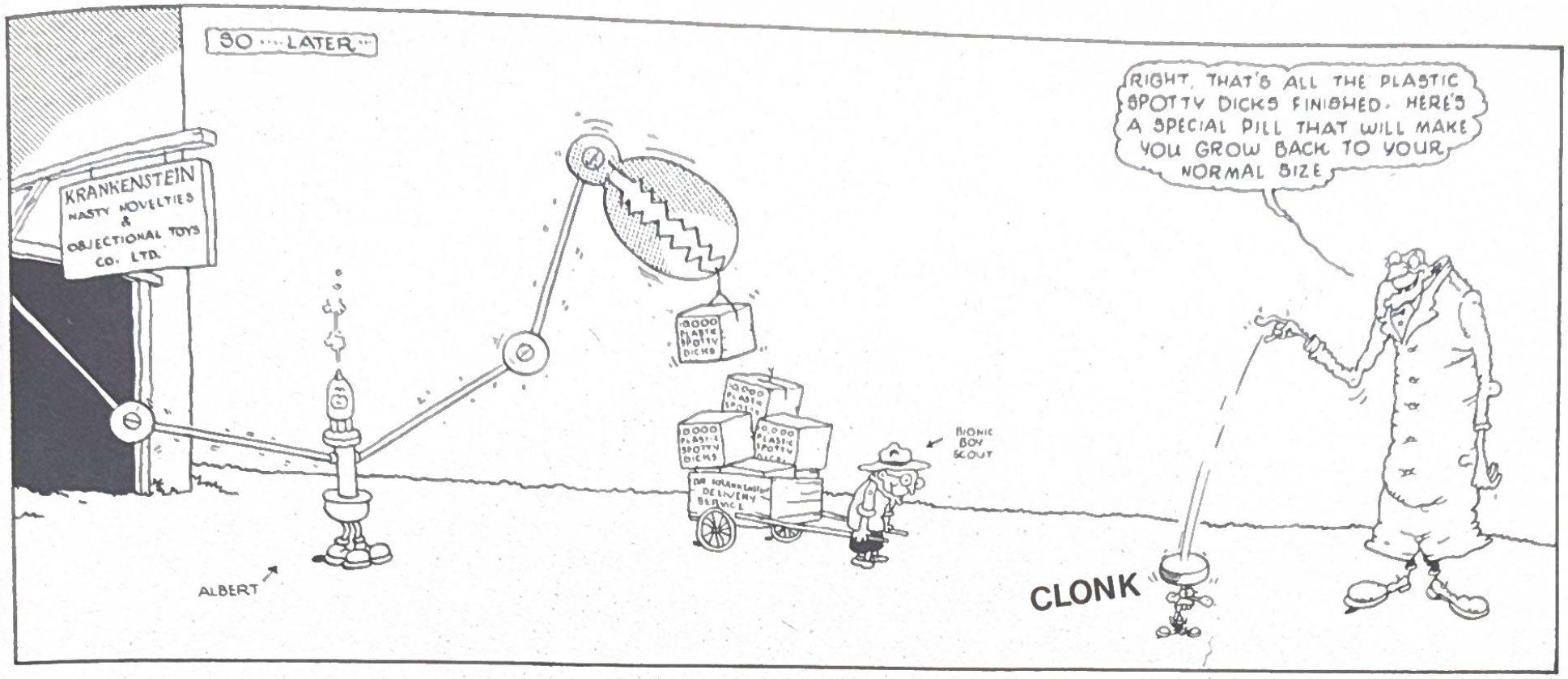
24

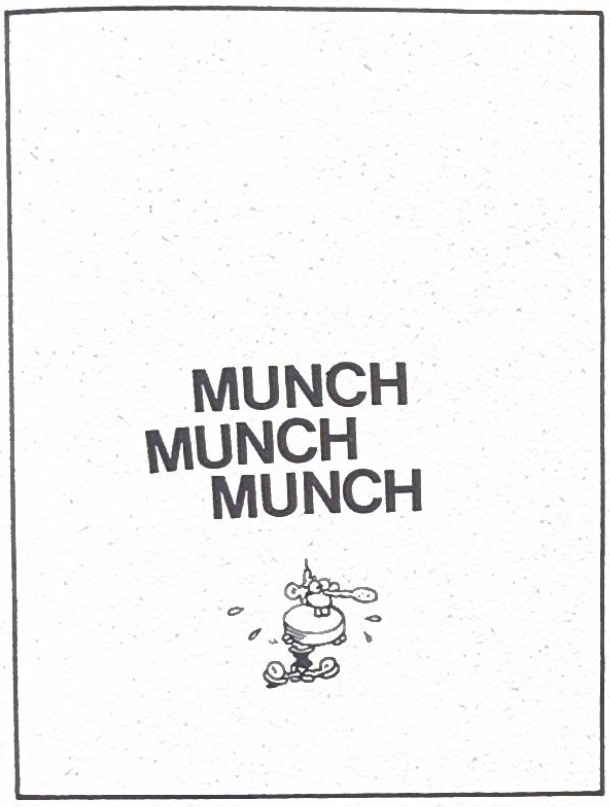
MISS A TURN

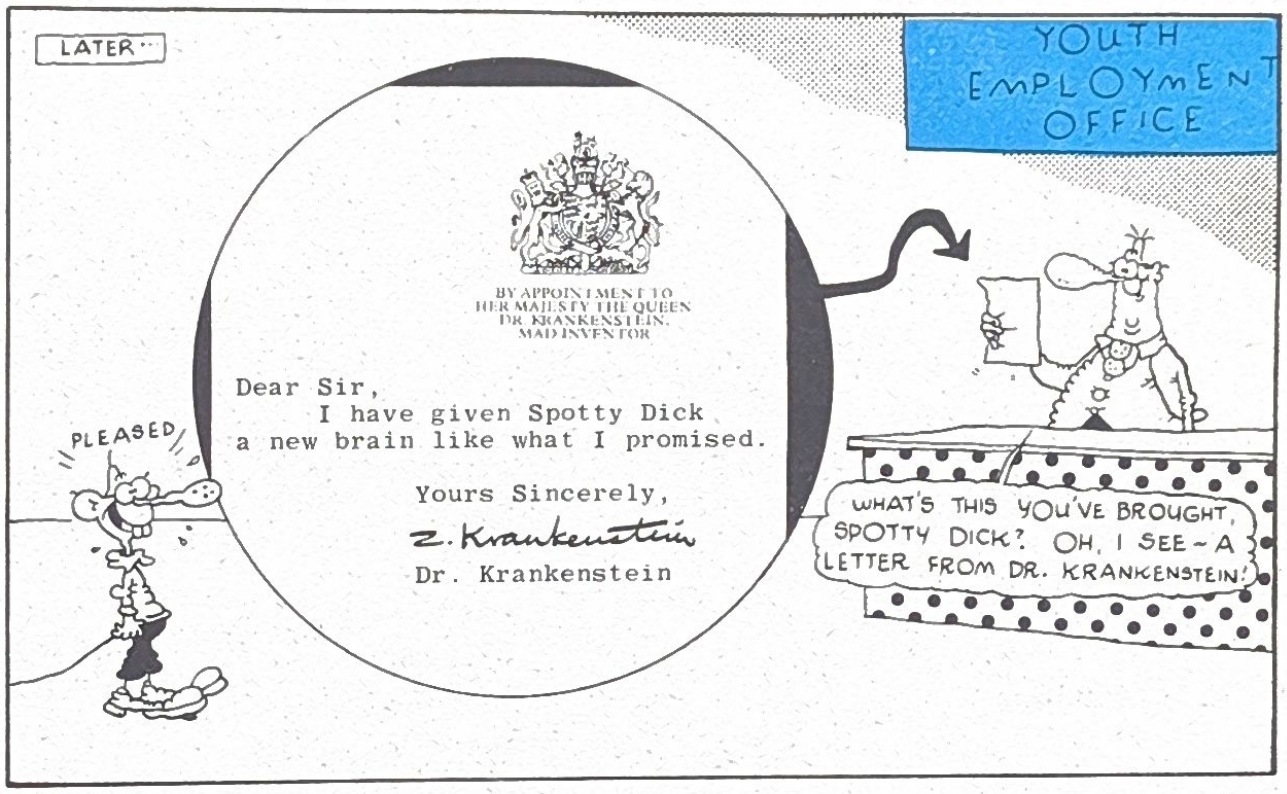
FINISH!

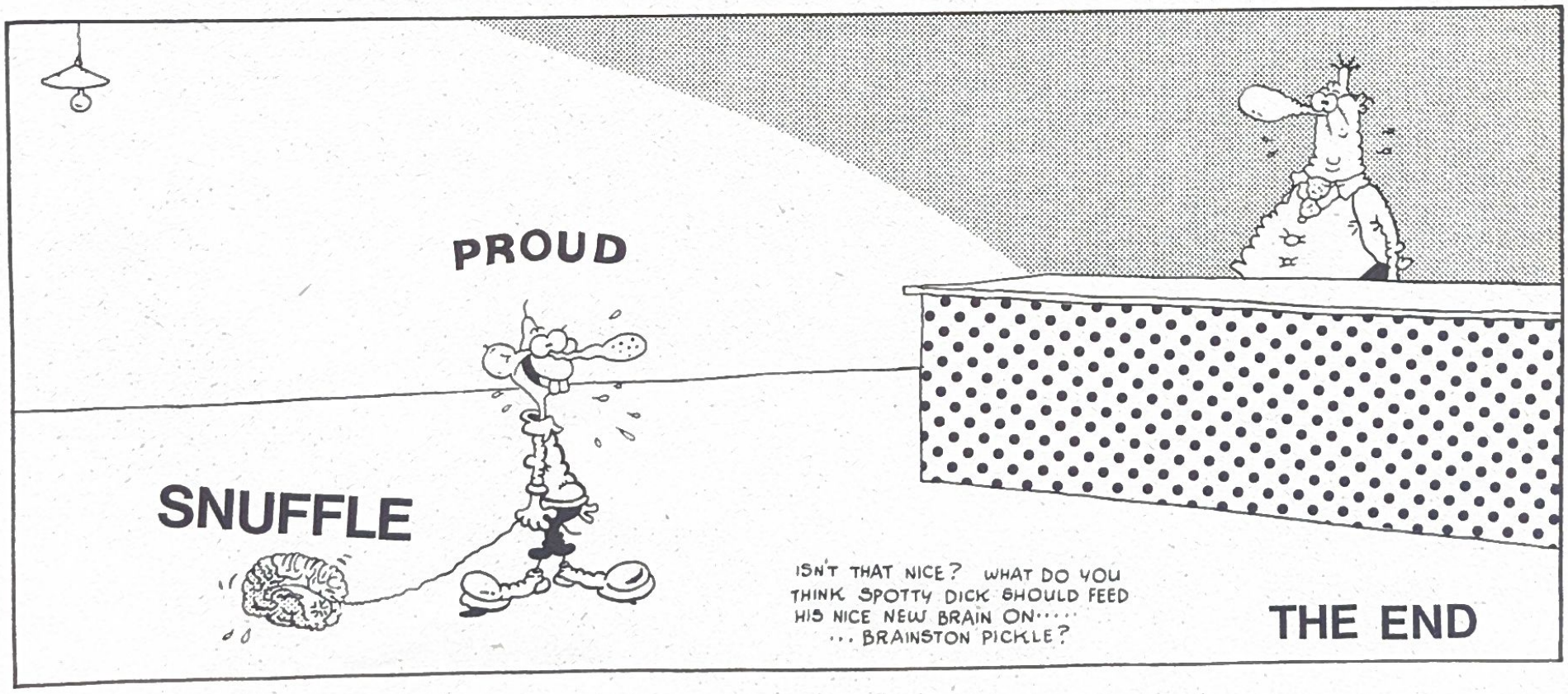
YOU'VE DONE IT! YOU'RE FREE!

SEE? I PROMISED YOU'D BE FREE – YOU'RE GIVEN AWAY FREE IN A PACKET OF CORNFLAKES! SINCE THE SHRINKING LIQUID MADE YOU SO TINY, WE CAN USE YOU AS A MOULD FOR MAKING MILLIONS OF PLASTIC SPOTTY DICKS TO GIVE AWAY FREE IN PACKETS OF CORNFLAKES! I'LL BE RICH! RICH! HEH HEH HEH!
?


SO ···· LATER···
KRANKENSTEIN NASTY NOVELTIES & OBJECTIONAL TOYS CO. LTD.
ALBERT
BIONIC BOY SCOUT
RIGHT, THAT'S ALL THE PLASTIC SPOTTY DICKS FINISHED. HERE'S A SPECIAL PILL THAT WILL MAKE YOU GROW BACK TO YOUR NORMAL SIZE
CLONK

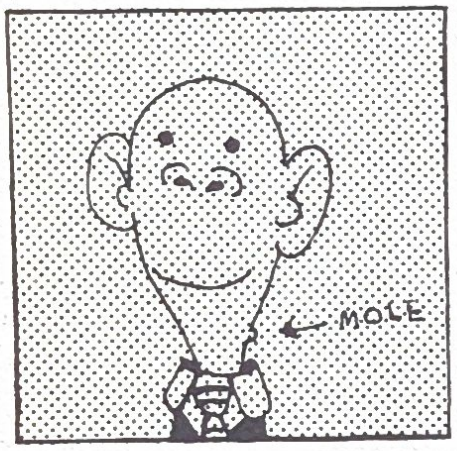

MUNCH
MUNCH
MUNCH


LATER···
YOUTH EMPLOYMENT OFFICE
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DR. KRANKENSTEIN, MAD INVENTOR
Dear Sir,
I have given Spotty Dick a new brain like what I promised.
Yours Sincerely,
Z. Krankenstein
Dr. Krankenstein
PLEASED
WHAT'S THIS YOU'VE BROUGHT, SPOTTY DICK? OH, I SEE - A LETTER FROM DR. KRANKENSTEIN!


PROUD
SNUFFLE
ISN'T THAT NICE? WHAT DO YOU THINK SPOTTY DICK SHOULD FEED HIS NICE NEW BRAIN ON····
··· BRAINSTON PICKLE?
THE END

DEAR WILLY,

I ENJOYED YOUR LAST YEAR'S WILLY THE KID BOOK. I BOUGHT IT AT AT A JUMBLE SALE FOR 2½P. WHEN I GROW UP IF THEY HAVE ROLLERBALL GAMES BY THEN, I WANT TO BE WORLD ROLLERBALL CHAMPION. FOR CHRISTMAS I WOULD LIKE THIS YEAR'S WILLY THE KID BOOK, AND A LIFE-SIZE BATTERY OPERATED SELWYN FROGGITT. I AM WRITING TO YOU BECAUSE I HAVE A PROBLEM. I AM BOTHERERD WITH MOLES. I'VE HAD THEM SINCE I WAS BORN. I HAVE ONE ON THE BACK OF MY NECK AND SEVERAL OTHER MOLES ON DIFFERENT PARTS OF MY PERSON. MY MUM SAYS THEY DON'T DO ANY HARM BUT I'M VERY EMBARRASSED ABOUT THEM ESPECIALLY WHEN I HAVE TO GET UNDRESSED TO GO IN THE SCHOOL SWIMMING POOL. ANYWAY WHEN I WAS GOING HOME FROM SCHOOL I SAW SOME PACKETS IN A SHOP WINDOW AND THE LABELS SAID "MOLE KILLERS" SO I BOUGHT A PACKET OF MOLE KILLERS WITH MY SPENDING MONEY. THE INSTRUCTIONS INSIDE THE PACKET SAID TO STUFF THE THINGS INTO THE HOLE AND LIGHT THE FUSE. I WASN'T SURE WHICH HOLE TO STUFF THEM IN, SO I STUFFED ONE IN EVERY HOLE I COULD FIND AND LIT THE FUSES. THIS CAUSED A GREAT DEAL OF DESTRUCTION TO MY PERSON AND I STILL HAVE THE MOLES (SEE PHOTO).



YOURS SINCERELY,
TOBY ORNOTTOBE,
HAMLET AVENUE,
TIEDUPIN,
NOTTS.

WILLY REPLIES :

Yes, i can see the mole onyour phOto . i can also seefrom your photo th at you are unbeleevably stup id. MOles are litle furry creatures th at live in hOles under the grou nd and eat worms . The f things you bought at th e shop arnt for removing the mOles on your person. They're for removi ng the little furry creatures that li ve in hOles in the ground andeat worms. It must be roten being a mole. it's bad enough having to eat worms without someb ody stuffing thingsin your holes and lighting the fuses.

Yours sinserely ,

p.s. "knock knock". "whos there". "Annie". "Annie who?". "Annie Seedball".

"knock knock". "whos there". "Wilma". "Wilma who?"

"Wilma chewing gum lose its flavour on the bedpost overnight."

i'll have t o stop typeing on mister Baxendales triperiter now becouse my pet worm elvis ha s crawled inside and got tangled up in the works. cheerio.

Willy and the LOCH NESS MONSTERS

BEING THE CONCLUSIVE, DEFINITIVE AND AUTHORITATIVE EXPOSITION OF THE ORIGINS OF THE LOCH NESS MONSTERS.

heh heh heh

Willy's family were off on their Summer Holiday. The car had trundled up the motorway to Scotland, and now Dad was driving along the A82 towards Loch Ness. It was pouring with rain. The windscreen wipers squeaked as they dragged across the windscreen.

"I need new rubber in these windscreen wipers," said Dad. "This squeaking sets my teeth on edge, and I'm starting to get a headache."

Willy was jammed in the back seat with his baby brother Basil, his dog Kojak, and his pals Candy and Goggles. "Can I open the window and let some fresh air in, Dad?" said Willy.

"NO. Can't you see it's pouring with rain? If you open the window the rain will come in and we'll get soaked. Don't start nagging at me about having the window open. It's bad enough trying to see where I'm driving in this pouring rain, *and* getting a headache with these squeaking windscreen wipers, without *you* starting on about having the window open."

"Never mind about your headache," retorted Willy. "*I'm* getting a noseache. You and Mum are in the front seats, but *I'm* stuck in the back here next to my baby brother and he keeps leaking poisonous vapours. It's getting pretty polluted back here. Can I open the window a *little* bit? Can I jus' open it an inch and stick my nose out?"

"SHUT UP!" roared Dad.

So with the windscreen wipers squeaking, and Willy's baby brother leaking, and Willy slowly turning purple as he tried to hold his breath till they reached the holiday cottage, the car splashed its way towards Loch Ness.

It was dark when they reached the cottage.

"Hey, Mum, can we go down to the chip shop in the village and get some stewed bagpipes and chips ?" said Willy.

"You do talk nonsense, Willy," said Mum. "I'm sure they don't sell stewed bagpipes in the chipper."

"Anyway, I've done enough driving for today. I'm not driving you down to the village just so you can buy stewed bagpipes." said Dad.

So Mum made egg and chips for supper (Dad had aspirin and chips) and then they all piled into bed. After a snoring contest, which Willy won, they all finally fell asleep.

Next morning Willy and his pals were up early.

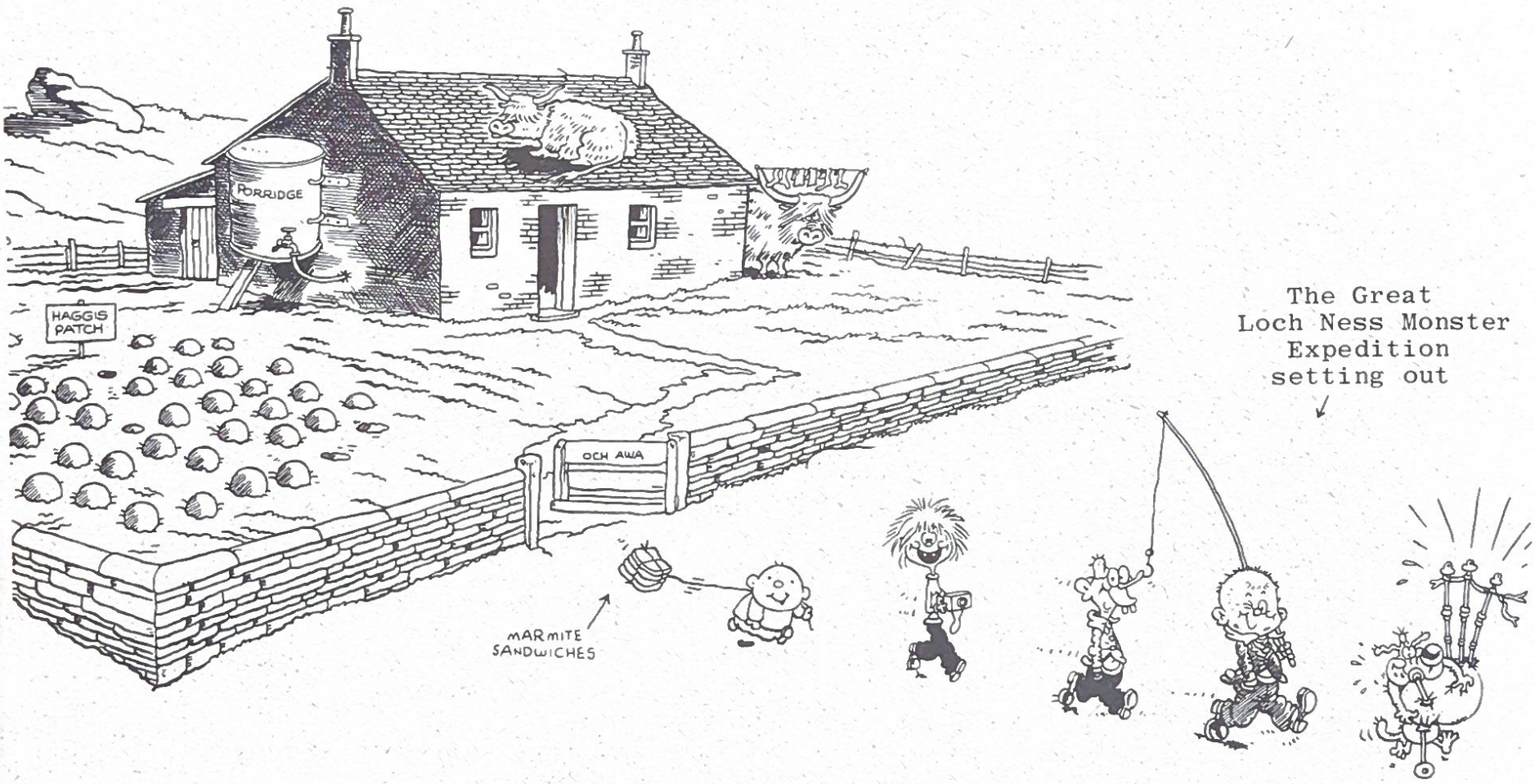
"While you idle lumps were getting dressed I made the breakfast—porridge and toast." Willy announced.

"Porridge and toast—that sounds great." said Candy.

"Couldn't you make the porridge a bit thicker ? It drips off the sides of my toast." grumbled Goggles.

"Hurry up and get it eaten," ordered Willy "We want to get off early on our Great Loch Ness Monster Hunting Expedition."

"But your Dad told you that we hadn't to go messing about on Loch Ness if he wasn't with us. It's too dangerous." Goggles protested.



The Great Loch Ness Monster Expedition setting out

"We can't hang about all day waiting for my Mum and Dad to get up," said Willy, "They always stay in bed late when they're on holiday. Idle lumps. Anyway, we'll be quite safe. We'll jus' mess about in the shallow end. We won't go near the deep end."

After Willy and his pals had made a pile of Marmite sandwiches to take with them, they set off on the Great Loch Ness Monster Hunting Expedition.

"You know Mister McLoon's farm where we buy the milk," said Willy, "Well, he's got an old shed where he keeps his tractor, and the shed door has come off its hinges. When we were here last year I noticed there were some empty tractor fuel drums and piles of old ropes inside the shed. I bet the wooden door would make a smashing raft, especially if we tie the empty oil drums to it."

So they huffed and they puffed and they dragged the door, and rolled the oil drums, down to the shore of Loch Ness. In no time at all they had the drums tied to the door and were pushing the raft out into the water. They had fixed up a mast and a sail, but there was no wind. The water was still and oily.

"You keep paddling with that piece of wood, Candy, while me and Goggles keep a lookout for the Loch Ness Monsters." said Willy.

"Amazing how I get all the easy jobs while you do all the hard work," said Candy with heavy sarcasm.

"We *are* working jolly hard. It's jolly hard work for our eyeballs trying to see the Loch Ness Monsters through this thick mist," Willy retorted, "I bet our eyeballs get wore out in no time."

"It's getting very foggy all of a sudden," said Goggles anxiously, "I can't see the shore any more. I hope we're not over the deep part of the Loch. I read in the encyclopaedia that Loch Ness is . thousand feet deep. It makes me feel queer thinking about the water being a thousand feet deep underneath me."

"This fog is jolly good," said Willy, "The Loch Ness Monsters will probably come up to the surface because they'll think that people can't see 'em from the shore. They won't know *we're* here. When we hear the Monsters splashing about, we'll tempt them near the raft with the smell from our Marmite sandwiches, and when they get in really close, sniffing after the Marmite sandwiches, CLICK I'll snap them with my Dad's camera."

"Crikey, crafty Willy! We'll make pots of money selling the photos to the newspapers!" said Goggles excitedly.

"This expedition is goin' to be really dangerous," said Willy.

"You're dead right it's dangerous," said Goggles, "Candy's oar keeps comin' out of the water and clonking me on the back of the head. It's knocked my brain loose. I can hear it rattling about."

"It's those Tic-Tacs rattling about in that little plastic box in your pocket," said Willy, "Hand 'em over."

"But I need 'em all myself," protested Goggles, "I suck the Tic-Tacs to calm my nerves 'cos this is a dangerous expedishun."

"It'll be jolly dangerous for you if you don't hand 'em over," threatened Willy.

"This fog is thickening," said Willy gloomily a little later.

"Yeth, it *ith* thickening, it makth me thick that we can't thee the Loch Neth Montherth," tittered Goggles. Willy started stonily at Goggles: "What are you on about? It's time we tried to attract the Monsters with the Marmite sandwiches. We'll dangle some of 'em in the water on the end of our fishing lines. It stands to reason, if a little ball of bread attracts a fish, a load of Marmite sandwiches should attract a Loch Ness Monster."

"Where *are* the Marmite sandwiches?" said Willy, looking around the raft.

"I ate 'em," said Candy, "Seeing it was *me* getting lumbered with all the hard work, rowing the raft, I had to keep my strength up. And baby Basil helped me to paddle, so I gave him some as well."

"Oh, that's *very* nice, I must say," said Willy, "Well, seein' you've stuffed yourself with all the Marmite sandwiches, at least you could paddle the raft straight. In case you hadn't noticed, you're makin' us go in a circle."

"It's not *me* making us go in a circle," said Candy, staring at the oily water, "There seems to be some kind of current pulling us round."

"Listen, I can hear a funny noise," said Goggles.

"Probably Candy's stomach rumbling after eating all those Marmite sandwiches," replied Willy, but he listened. His straining ears picked up a dull gurgling roar, muffled by the thick wall of fog. Willy glanced back at the water. The raft was moving faster. A thin line of foam ran along the edge of the wood, and the raft lurched as it gathered speed.

"What's going on?" said Willy. Suddenly the raft dipped and swayed, the dull gurgling roar changed to a deafening thunder of noise, and a black chasm appeared at the edge of the raft.

"It's a whirlpool! It's a giant whirlpool! Hang on!" shouted Candy. Candy clung to the mast. Basil clung to Candy. Willy and Goggles clung to the edge of the raft. Kojak dog clung to his rubber bone. Clinging desperately to the raft, Willy and his pals spun round the roaring mouth of the giant whirlpool like riders on the Wall of Death.

"This spinning round is making me feel queasy," gasped Willy's baby brother, "I'm going to be *sick*."

"Well, don't be sick all over me," said Willy, "We'll probably be dead in a minute, so can't you hang on till then?"

In a moment they were engulfed in bubbling dark green water, then pulled down and down through great depths of roaring darkness—to spout suddenly into blinding light. There was a blurred glimpse of huge dripping sluice gates —then the raft spun over a roaring falling wall of water.

After the boiling turmoil of wild waters at the foot of the falls, the raft floated out onto the smooth waters of a blue lake. Spluttering and gasping, and soaked from head to foot, Willy and his pals cautiously raised their heads and looked around. Carried on by its own impetus, the raft was bumping gently into the shallows. The waters of the lake gave off a dim phosphorescent glow which showed a white beach edging the water. There was enough light to see that they were in a giant cavern, but the blue glow could not penetrate the darkness beyond the encrusted stalagmites and stalactites.

"The water's only a few inches deep here," said Willy, "Let's get off an' tie the raft up before it floats away."

"Allow me," said a voice like a rumble of thunder. The raft, with Willy and his pals still sitting on it, was lifted out of the water and placed on the soft sand. Willy looked up: "Oh crikey," he said.

A giant creature stood before them. It was like a dinosaur of prehistory, or a sea-serpent of ancient legend, but it stood on two legs. Its eyes were great luminous orbs, like the eyes of a giant moth. Upon its head was a circlet of golden starfish, around its neck was a strand of sea urchins, and upon its feet were pink rubber wellies.

"I am a Kwark," said the great creature, "We will not harm you."

"Are you the Loch Ness Monster?" said Willy excitedly, "Do you mind if I take a photo of you? We'll sell it to the papers and get pots of money. And we'll be famous! And I bet everybody'll be surprised when they find the Loch Ness Monster can *talk!*"

"We are not monsters," said the creature, "We are Kwarks."

"KWARK KWARK" thundered voices from the back of the cavern, and Willy now saw that the shadows were filled with creatures.

"In the days before the Earth Started Spinning, we Kwarks lived on the dark side of the world," said the creature. "When the Earth started spinning and the great blinding light came, we retreated into the deep caverns and the dark oceans that lie under the land-masses of the earth,".

"You mean the lands are all *floating* on water?" said Goggles, "Crumbs, it makes me feel funny to think about it—I always thought the land was solid all the way to the middle."

"Like your brain, Goggles," sniggered Willy.

"What do you live on down here, mister" said Candy to the Kwark.

"We eat this nice green slime," replied the Kwark. Willy's baby brother pulled some of the green slime from a rock and tasted it. His face went a green slimy colour. "It makes me feel *sick*," he said.

"You must realise it tastes like fish and chips to us," said the Kwark.

"When we feel sad, and think of the long-ago days when the dark half of the world was ours," continued the Kwark, "We remember the Words handed down to us by the Great One." He turned to face the interior of the cavern and bellowed the words: "We're Nice and Cosy Down Here!"

The words thundered back from the Kwarks in the shadows: "We're Nice and Cosy Down Here!" The stalactites in the cavern roof quivered. Goggles looked up: Some of those stalagmites *mite* have fallen off if they hadn't been stuck on so stalactite! Har Har!"

"I am sorry that you were sucked down by thewhirlpool," said the Kwark, "We open our sluicegates to bring fresh supplies of water for our cultivated Slime ponds, and for a few seconds a giant whirlpool opens on the surface of the Loch. Because of the fog we did not see you until it was too late."

"It was jolly exciting coming down in the whirlpool," said Candy.

"People usually travel across the Loch in boats," said the Kwark, "Why were you sailing on a shed door?"

"It isn't called a shed door," replied Willy indignantly, "It's called a raft."

Goggles aimed Willy's Dad's camera at the Kwark and peered into the viewfinder: "Give us a big smile, mister, I'm goin' to take a photo of you so we can sell it to the papers and make pots of money." The Kwark glanced briefly at the camera: "The light in here is too dim. The photo won't come out. In any case water has got into the camera." Willy grabbed the camera off Goggles and shook it. It made a slurping noise. "Cheap camera," he said, "Trust Dad to buy one that isn't waterproof."

The Kwark gazed at the pals. "You must not tell anyone that you have seen us," he said, "If men found that we really existed they would destroy us, as they have destroyed the great Blue Whales."

"No they won't, honest they won't," said Willy excitedly, "You'll be famous! You'll be on the telly."

"And you could be in Monster films," said Candy, "Films about monsters would be a lot more exciting if they had

real monsters instead of models and things. You'd be famous film stars."

"We do not wish to appear in Monster films," replied the Kwark, "We wish only to live here in peace and cultivate our Slime ponds." He gazed at them levelly: "You must promise not to tell that you have seen us."

"Oh, all right then, we promise," said Willy grumpily.

"Anyway," said Candy, "Even if we *did* tell people we'd seen you, they wouldn't believe us. They'd say we were just making it up."

The Kwark gazed reflectively at the pals. "I remember the future . . ." he began.

"You can't *remember* the future, it's impossible," Goggles interrupted.

"We Kwarks have powers beyond the understanding of your small human brains," said the Kwark.

"And you can't get a much smaller human brain than the one that Goggles has got," sniggered Willy.

"I remember the future . . ." continued the Kwark, ". . . a day when rocket engines thunder, and fireballs brighter than a thousand suns scorch the earth . . ."

"That sounds dead nasty. I don't fancy that," said Willy, "Tell you what, when it's goin' to happen, can you send us a postcard letting us know, and we'll come and stay down here with you, 'cos we'll be safe down here, an' nice and cosy."

"Nice and Cosy," bellowed the Kwarks.

"And we'll bring some tins of baked beans with us, 'cos I don't fancy earing that green slimy stuff," said Candy.

Suddenly the Kwark lifted his head and listened. "Time for you to go—I hear your father calling you, Willy."

"*I* can't hear anything," said Goggles.

"Well, Mister Kwark's got gigantic earholes as well as a gigantic brain," said Candy.

"Follow me," the Kwark said, and he led them into a deep fissure in the cavern side. A tunnel climbed steeply through the solid rock. There was a damp smell in the darkness of the cleft, and water ran down the rock sides. The dimmest of phosphorescent glows outlined the lumbering body of the Kwark, and Willy and his pals were soon puffing as they scrambled after him up the steep slope. Up and up they climbed.

"I'm just behind you, Mister Kwark," wheezed Candy, "Watch out you don' tread on me."

"An' I'm just behind *you*, Candy," puffed Willy, "An' you've nearly trod on my nose twice. This flippin' tunnel goes for *miles*. Im getting fed up."

"Now you know what a germ feels like when it's climbing up inside your nose, har har," said Goggles.

"If you make any more weedy jokes like that my fist will climb up your nose," retorted Willy. They carried on scrambling and climbing up the seemingly endless tunnel.

"Hey, mister," said Candy to the Kwark, "Watch out you don't bump your head on the roof. The tunnel's getting smaller." The Kwark stopped. "Yes, it is time for you to go on alone. I can come no further."

The Kwark pointed, The roof dipped until the tunnel was no more than a cleft running through the rock. A stream of cold air flowed from the crack.

"There is just room for you," the Kwark told the pals, "It is too narrow for a full grown human, but you will just be able to squeeze through. Goodbye and good luck."

"Goodbye Mister Kwark," Candy yelled back as Willy and the pals wriggled up through the slit.

As the pals followed the current of cold fresh air, the darkness rapidly turned to a grey half light, and suddenly Willy's head came out into dazzling daylight. Blinking in the light, Willy, Goggles, Basil, Candy and Kojak dog emerged into a tangled growth of heather. In a minute they were scrambling and rolling down the hillside.

Halfway down the hill Candy paused and looked back. "I can see where we came out", she said, pointing back at a rock outcrop high on the slope.

"Rubbish, we came out over *there*," said Goggles, pointing at a rock slide.

"Hurry up you lot," puffed Willy, "I can hear Dad shouting for us. I can tell he's getting mad."

Willy and his pals scrambled out of the thick heather and ran through a clump of pine trees to the shore of the Loch. "Hello Dad," Willy said.

"Never mind 'Hello Dad'," Willy's Dad retorted, "Why didn't you come when I shouted for you ? I've been shouting for ages. What've you been doing ? Your trouser knees are torn and your shoes are all scuffed up." Dad bent forward to look at Willy more closely, "And you're soaking wet. You've been in the water! I told you not to go in the Loch without me! Get inside the cottage and get those clothes dried."

"We're coming, Dad, we're coming, I'll just wait for the others to catch up," said Willy as Dad marched off towards the cottage.

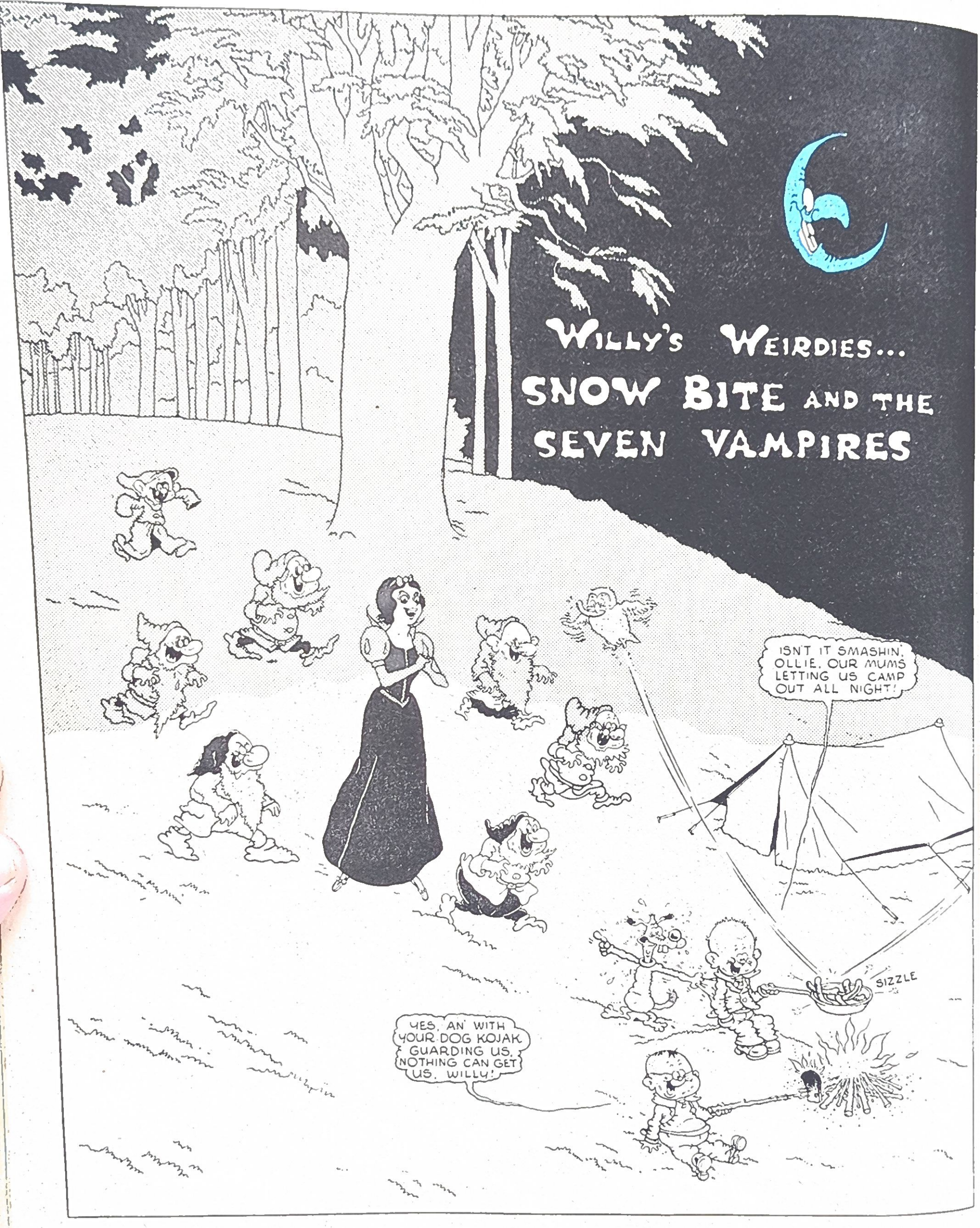
Willy was standing staring at the Loch as Candy and Goggles ran up, with Kojak bringing up the rear, shepherding Baby Basil along.

"Come on Willy, we'd better go in the cottage or we'll be in dead trouble," said Candy.

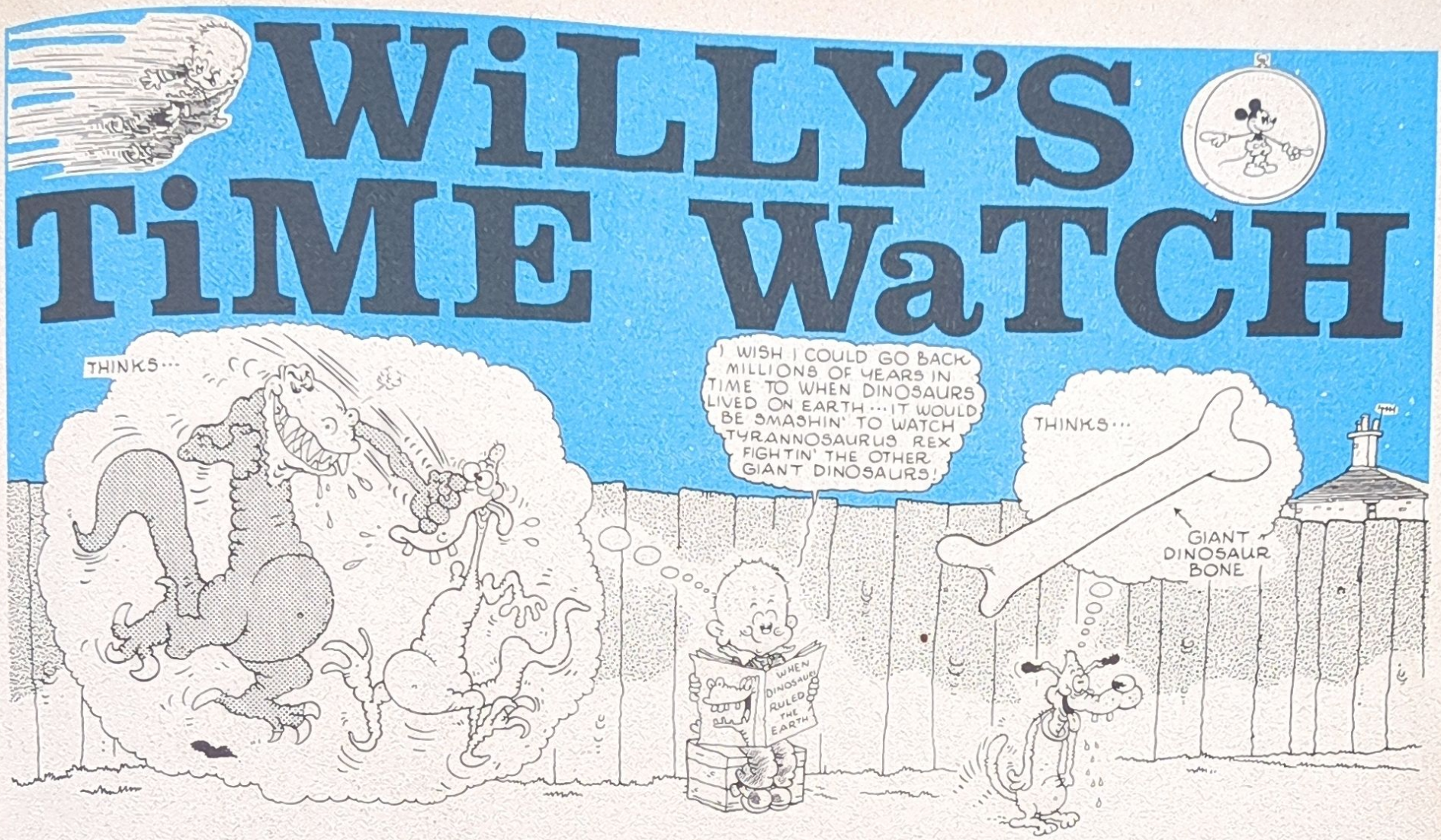
"Just hang on a minute," said Willy. Although they had been in bright afternoon sunlight up amongst the heather on the hillside, down here by the edge of the Loch they were in mist again. The soft grey fog seemed to deaden all sound.

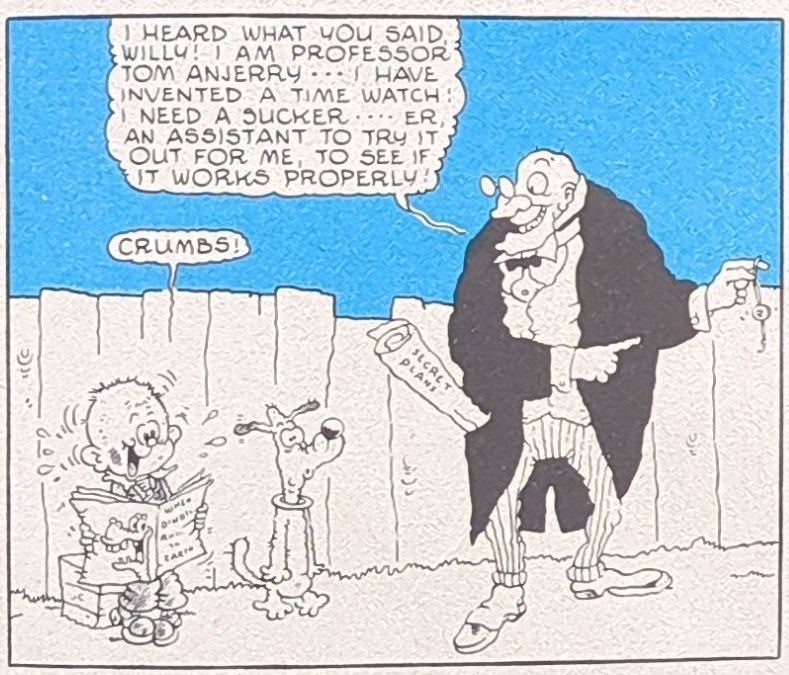
"Quiet, and listen," said Willy. Obediently the others stood silent. The only moving thing was the mist creeping soundlessly across the still water. Willy and his pals stood like a row of concrete gnomes on the shore of the loch, their ears straining. The silence was profound. Baby Basil struggled hard not to spoil it by making a sudden loud noise. Slowly, soundlessly, he began to leak.

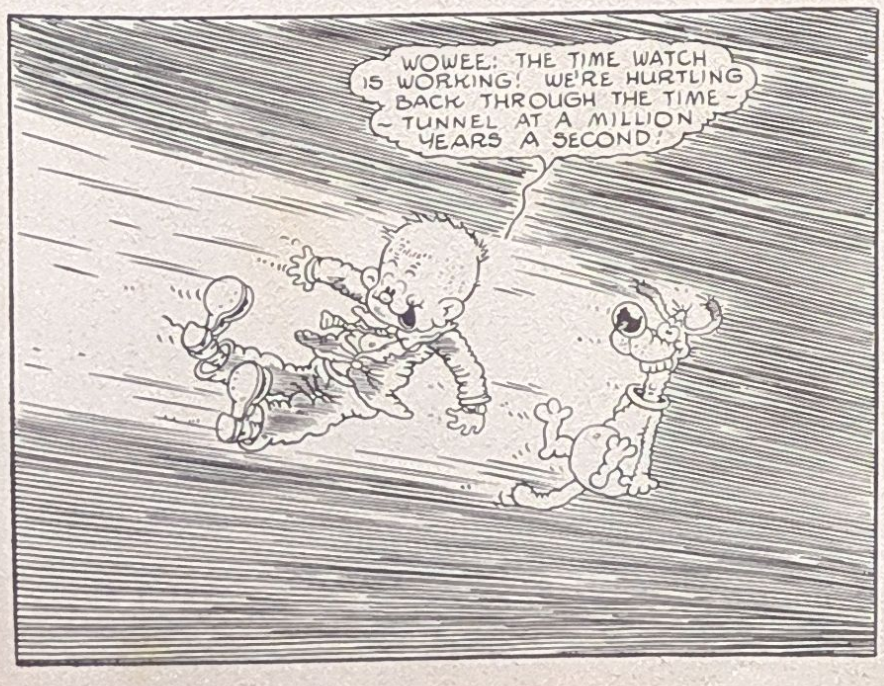
Faintly, up through deep layers of rock and a thousand feet of water, came the muffled chanting "We're Nice and Cosy Down Here."


WILLY'S WEIRDIES...
SNOW BITE AND THE SEVEN VAMPIRES
ISN'T IT SMASHIN, OLLIE. OUR MUMS LETTING US CAMP OUT ALL NIGHT!
SIZZLE
YES, AN' WITH YOUR DOG KOJAK GUARDING US, NOTHING CAN GET US, WILLY!

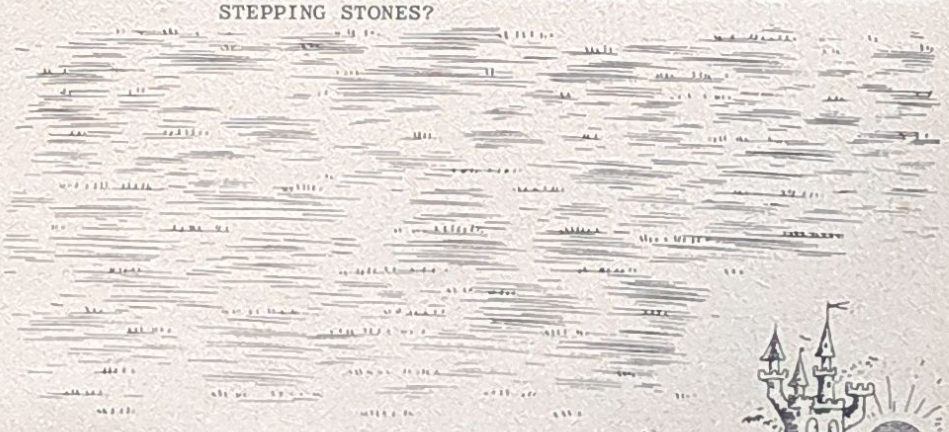
WILLY'S TIME WATCH





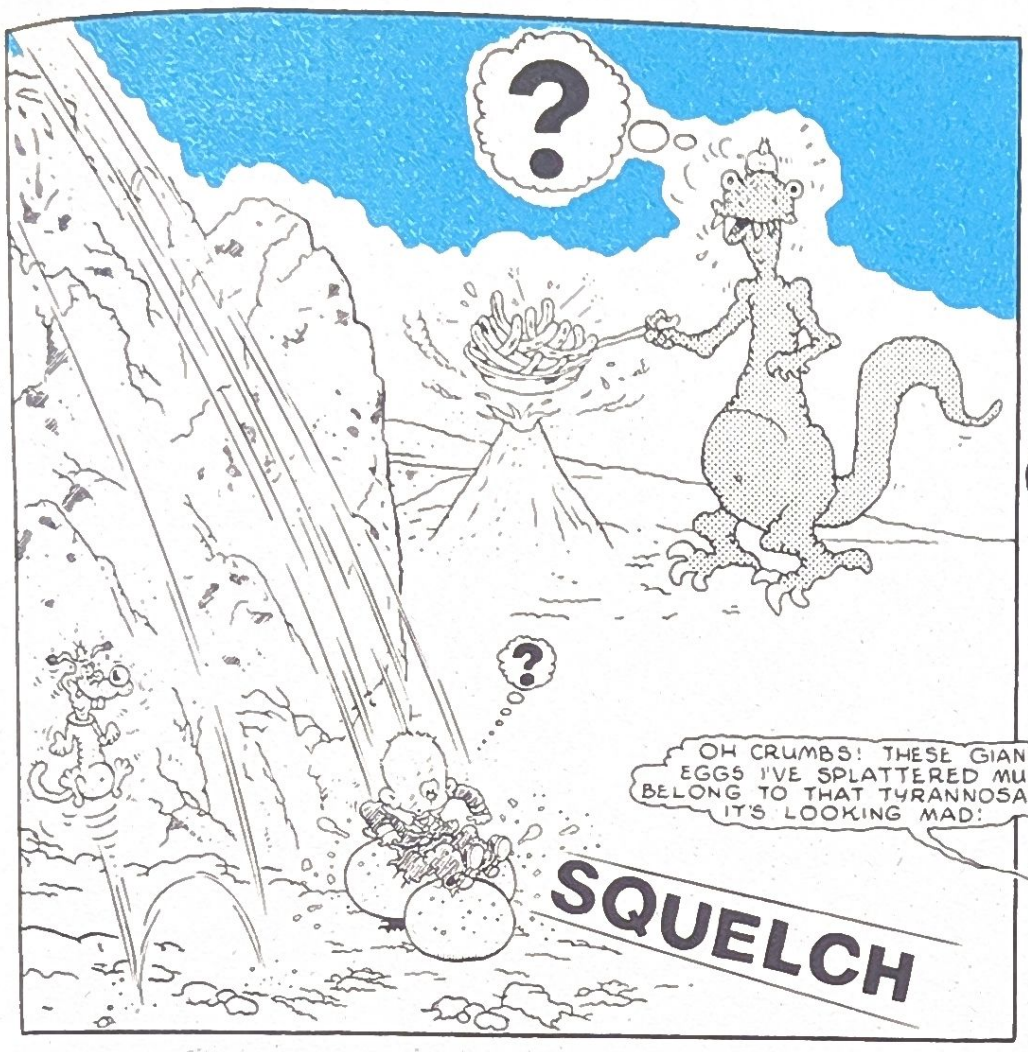


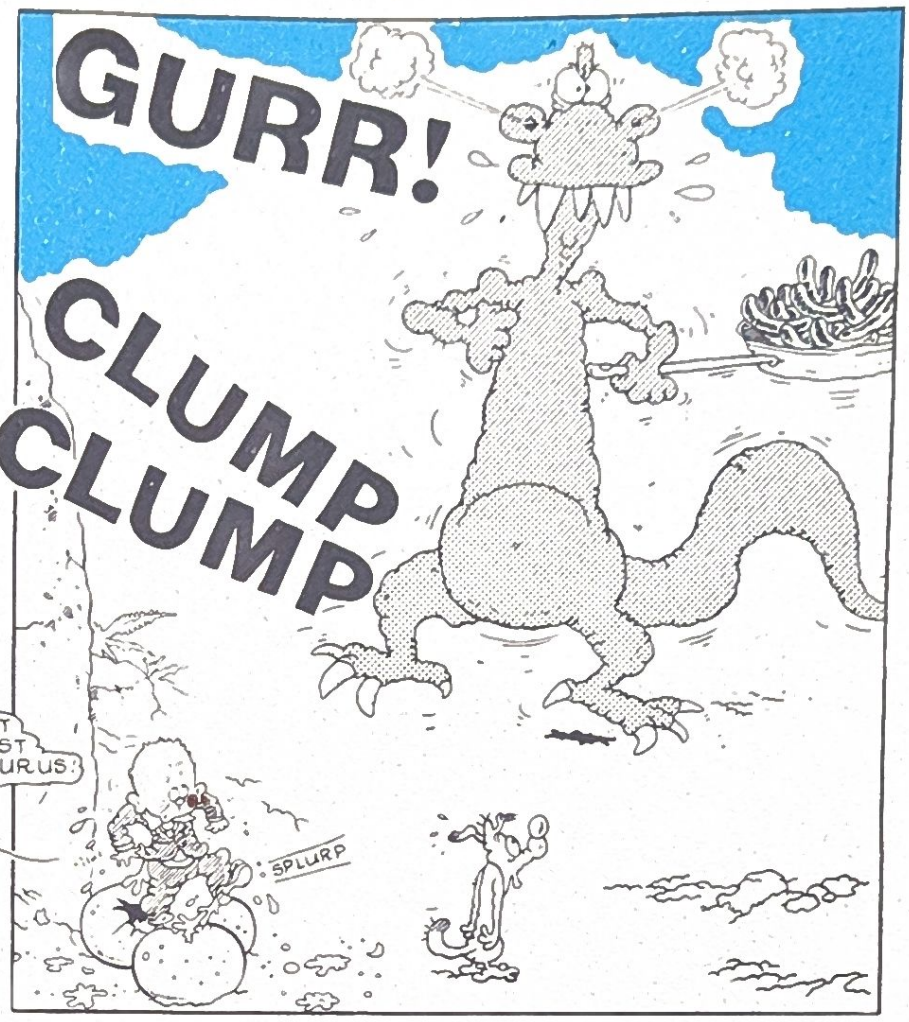
HERE'S A CREEPY PUZZLE.....
NEDDY IS DOING HIS GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY - HE'S GOING TO DRIVE A STEAK THROUGH DRACULA'S HEART. TROUBLE IS HE'S GOT TO GET TO DRACULA'S CASTLE BEFORE SUNSET - AND THERE'S ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO GO! A DEEP SWAMP SURROUNDS CASTLE DRACULA. NEDDY KNOWS THERE ARE HIDDEN STEPPING STONES CROSSING THE BOG - BUT CAN HE FIND THEM IN TIME? CAN YOU HELP NEDDY FIND THE HIDDEN STEPPING STONES?

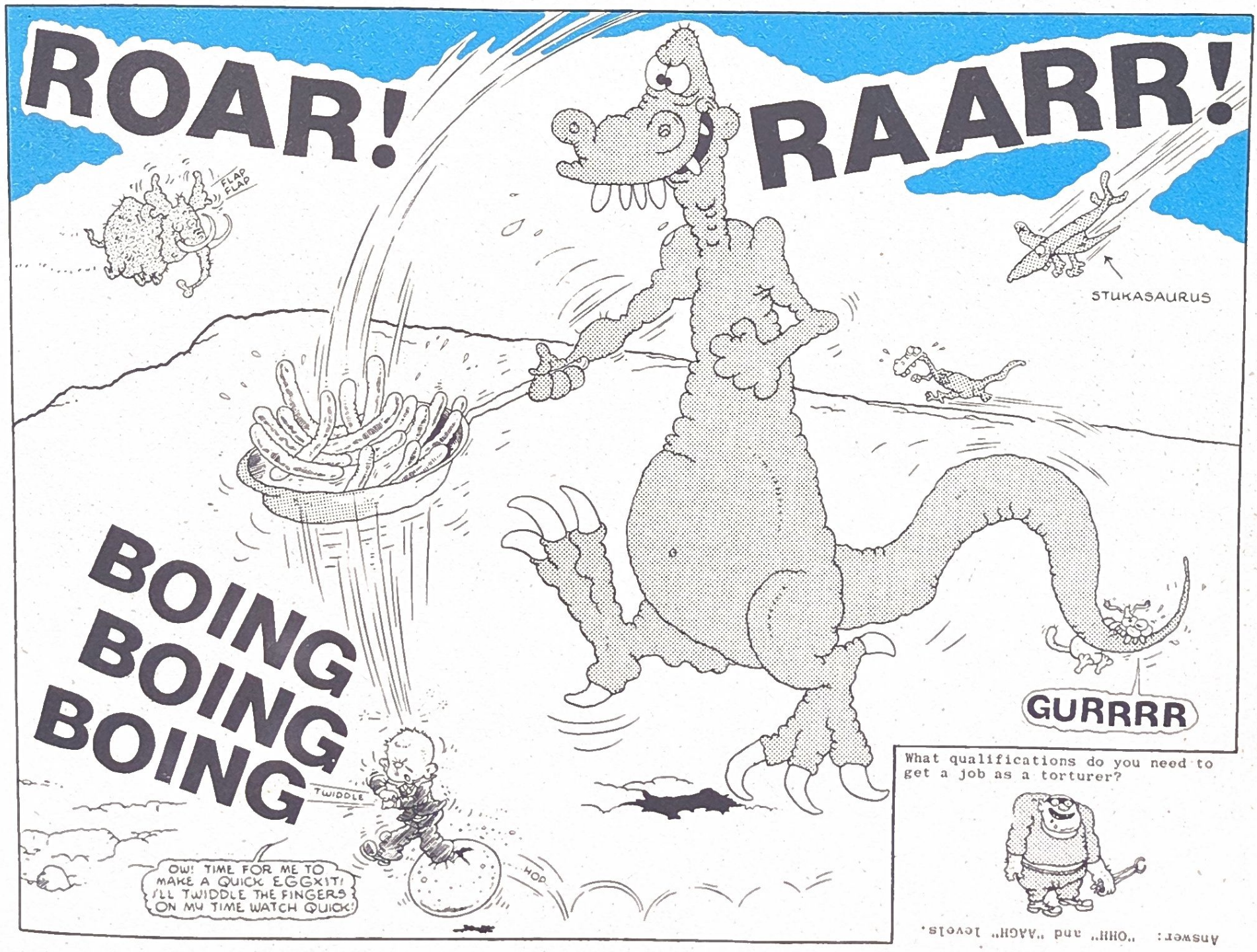


ANSWER -- HOLD THE PAGE UP TO THE LIGHT.

Don't blame us for that old joke - we got it from Willy's Grandad

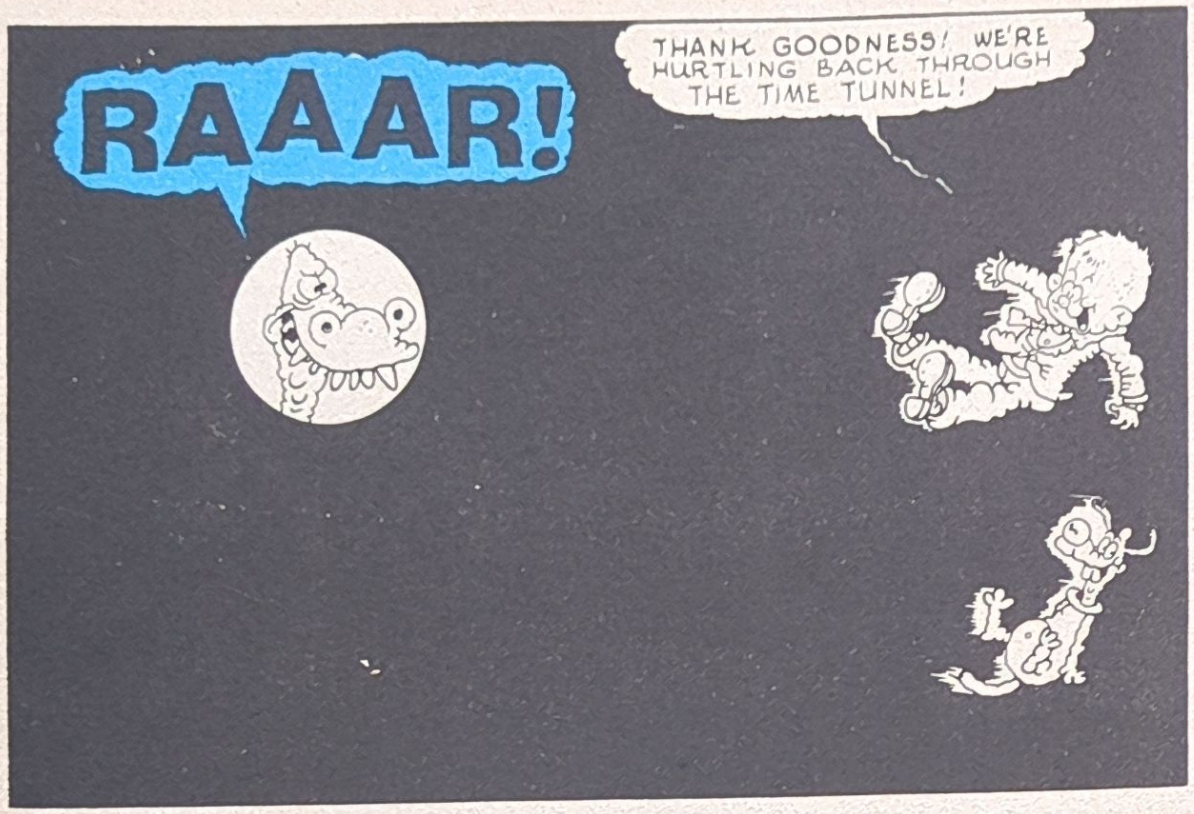




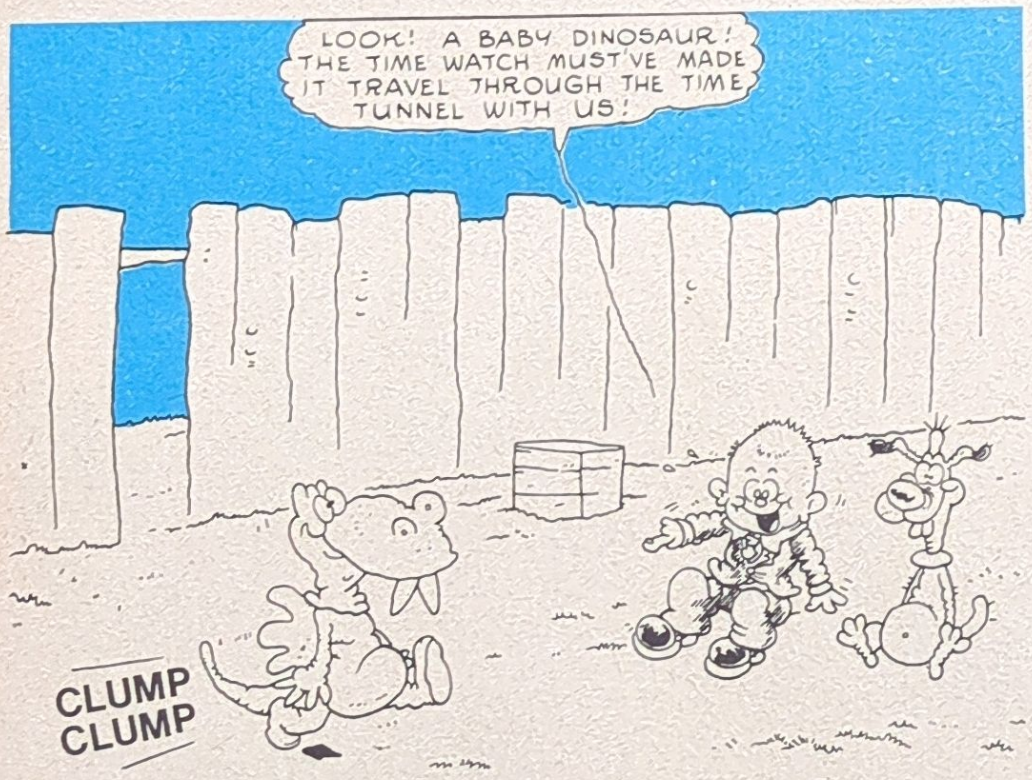


What qualifications do you need to get a job as a torturer?

Answer: "OHH" and "AAGH" levels.


RAAAR!
THANK GOODNESS! WE'RE HURTLING BACK THROUGH THE TIME TUNNEL!

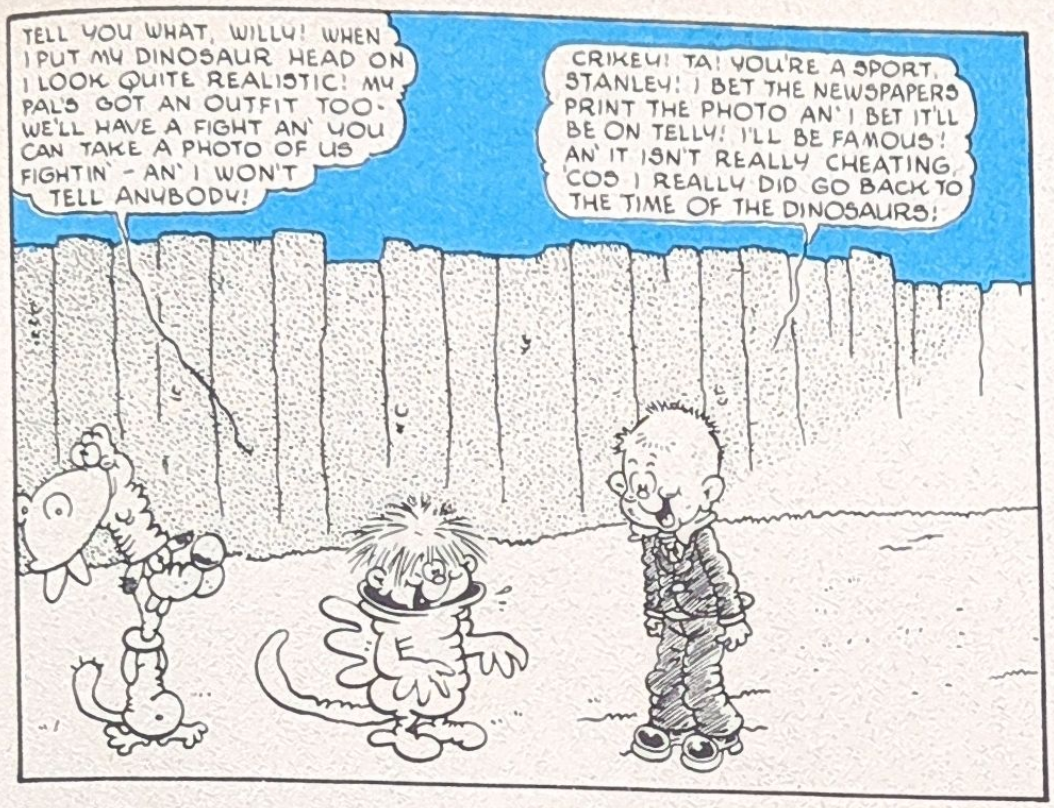
WE'RE SAFE BACK HOME!

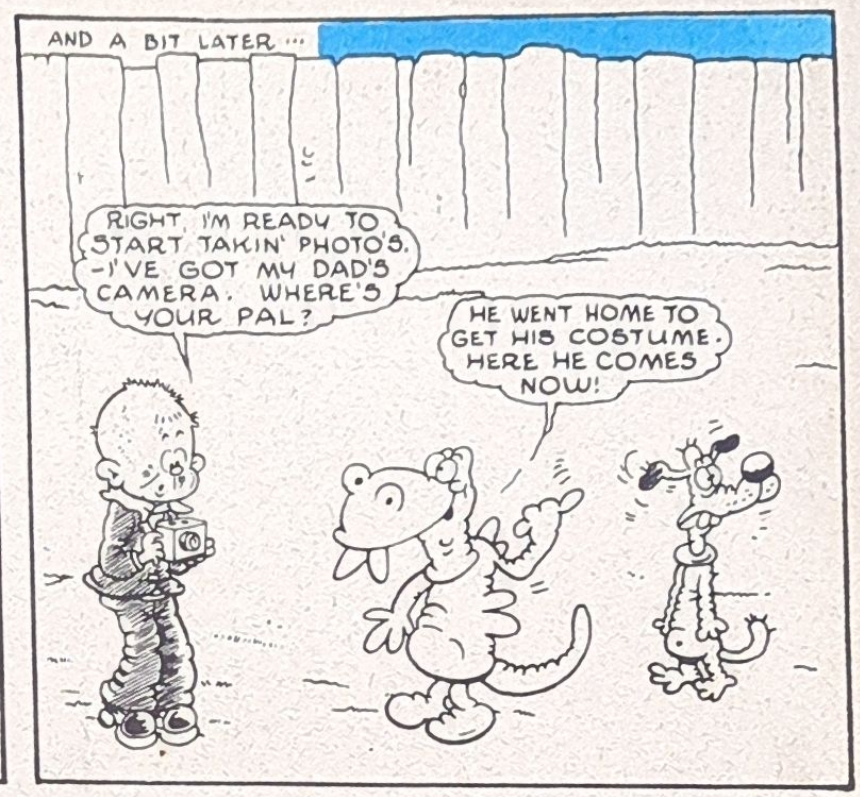

LOOK! A BABY DINOSAUR! THE TIME WATCH MUST'VE MADE IT TRAVEL THROUGH THE TIME TUNNEL WITH US!
CLUMP CLUMP

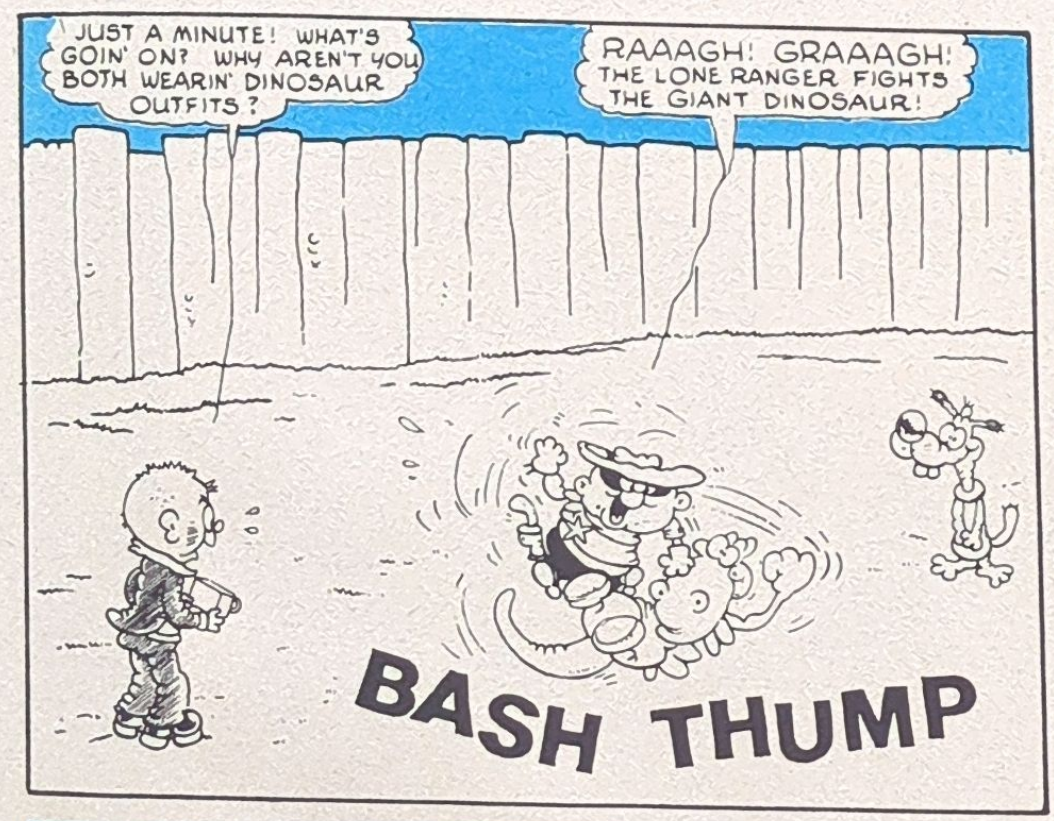
I'M NOT A BABY DINOSAUR! IT'S ME - STAN! I'VE GOT MY DINOSAUR OUTFIT ON!
EH? OH, HELLO STANLEY

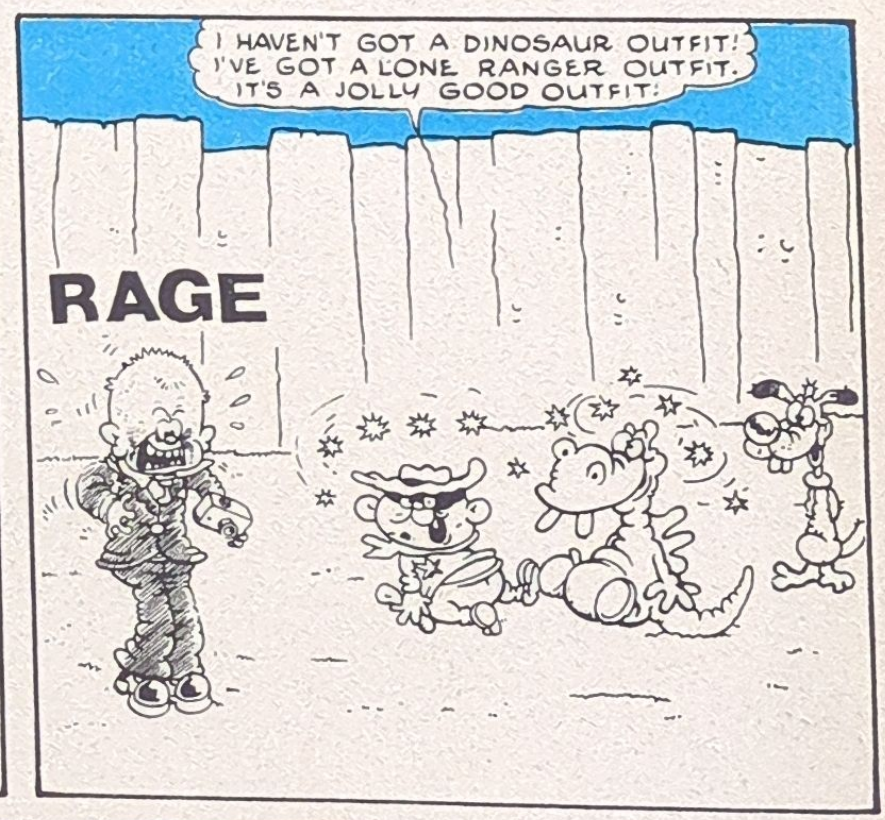
HEY, LOOK, STAN! A PROFESSOR GAVE ME THIS TIME WATCH! I'VE BEEN BACK IN TIME AND SEEN A REAL GIGANTIC DINOSAUR!
NO YOU HAVEN'T, WILLY! YOU'VE BEEN ASLEEP! I WAS PLAYIN' ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE AN' I HEARD YOU SNORING. YOU MUST'VE DREAMED ALL THAT ABOUT THE PROFESSOR AN' THE TIME-WATCH AN' THE DINOSAURS!
LICK

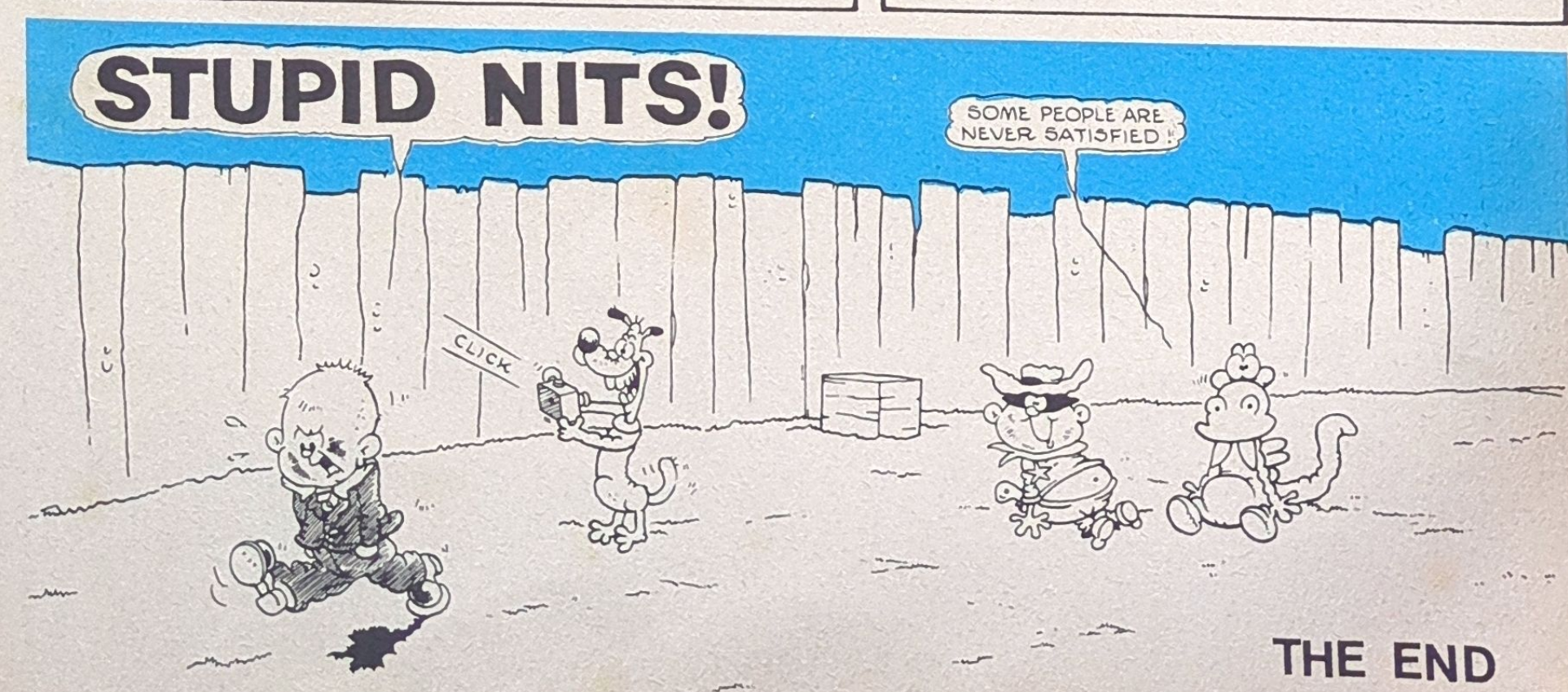
SEE? THAT'S YOUR OL' MICKEY MOUSE WATCH!
RUBBISH! I HAVE BEEN BACK IN TIME! I WISH I'D HAD A CAMERA WITH ME, THEN I COULD'VE TAKEN PHOTOS OF THE TYRANNOSAURUS, AND THAT'D PROVE THAT I WENT BACK IN TIME!
RAAAR


TELL YOU WHAT, WILLY! WHEN I PUT MY DINOSAUR HEAD ON I LOOK QUITE REALISTIC! MY PAL'S GOT AN OUTFIT TOO- WE'LL HAVE A FIGHT AN' YOU CAN TAKE A PHOTO OF US FIGHTIN' - AN' I WON'T TELL ANYBODY!
CRIKEY! TA! YOU'RE A SPORT, STANLEY! I BET THE NEWSPAPERS PRINT THE PHOTO AN' I BET IT'LL BE ON TELLY! I'LL BE FAMOUS! AN' IT ISN'T REALLY CHEATING, 'COS I REALLY DID GO BACK TO THE TIME OF THE DINOSAURS!


AND A BIT LATER ...
RIGHT, I'M READY TO START TAKIN' PHOTO'S. -I'VE GOT MY DAD'S CAMERA. WHERE'S YOUR PAL?
HE WENT HOME TO GET HIS COSTUME. HERE HE COMES NOW!


JUST A MINUTE! WHAT'S GOIN' ON? WHY AREN'T YOU BOTH WEARIN' DINOSAUR OUTFITS?
RAAAGH! GRAAAGH! THE LONE RANGER FIGHTS THE GIANT DINOSAUR!
BASH THUMP


I HAVEN'T GOT A DINOSAUR OUTFIT! I'VE GOT A LONE RANGER OUTFIT. IT'S A JOLLY GOOD OUTFIT!
RAGE


STUPID NITS!
SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED!
CLICK

THE END

DEAR PALS,

DID YOU GET LAST YEAR'S WILLY THE KID BOOK? WELL IF YOU DIDN'T HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET ONE. JUST SEND £1 TO GERALD DUCKWORTH & CO. LTD., THE OLD PIANO FACTORY, 43, GLOUCESTER CRESCENT, LONDON NW1, AND DUCKWORTHS WILL SEND YOU A LAST YEAR'S WILLY BOOK (IT'S CALLED THE WILLY THE KID BOOK 1) AND THIS YEAR'S NEW WILLY THE KID BADGE FREE (MISTER BAXENDALE IS DESIGNING A DIFFERENT WILLY THE KID BADGE EVERY YEAR, SO YOU CAN START COLLECTING THEM). AND YOU GET AN AMAZING FREE GIFT OF FABULOUS BROWN PAPER AND CELLOTAPE AND FANTASTIC CORRUGATED CARDBOARD! (YOU WILL FIND THIS WRAPPED ROUND THE WILLY BOOK). AND DUCKWORTHS PAY ALL THE POSTAGE. MISTER BAXENDALE IS GOING TO WRITE AND DRAW A WILLY THE KID BOOK EVERY YEAR FOR THE NEXT 20 YEARS, SO YOU CAN MAKE A COLLECTION OF THEM. AND DUCKWORTHS ARE ALWAYS GOING TO KEEP ALL OF THEM IN PRINT, FOR EVER AND EVER AND EVER, SO IF ONE OF YOUR WILLY BOOKS EVER WEARS OUT, YOU CAN ALWAYS GET ANOTHER ONE,

Willy.

P.S. IF YOU WANT THIS YEAR'S WILLY THE KID BADGE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY LAST YEAR'S WILLY BOOK JUST TO GET ONE! IF YOU WANT A BADGE, JUST CUT THIS TOKEN OFF THE CORNER OF THE PAGE, AND SEND IT TO DUCKWORTH'S TOGETHER WITH A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE, AND DUCKWORTHS WILL SEND YOU A BADGE.

MY PALS' PETS ARE USELESS! I'LL TRAIN MY DOG KOJAK TO JUMP THROUGH A HOOP!
TAKING A TREMENDOUS RUN-UP
DUMBO TRYING OUT HIS NEW YO-YO
YOU CHOOSE OF DOGGOMEAT!
MUNCH! CHOMP! CRUNCH! GOBBLE!
I KNOW! I'LL GO HOME AN' TRAIN MY PET GOLDFISH!
SLURP! SLURP!
RIGHT, FISHFACE- JUMP THROUGH THIS HOOP INTO THE FISH BOWL!
SO - IN WILLY'S BEDROOM....
WILLY'S PLASTICINE MODEL OF THE RED BARON (HE RAN OUT OF PLASTICINE SO HE FINISHED IT WITH PORRIDGE.)
WILLY'S DRACULA BEDSIDE LAMP (MADE IN TRANSYL)
OUR HEADMASTER MISTER FROSTBITE
This is WILLY'S BED. VAMPIRES STOP AWAY! -Willy
I'M AFRAID WE'RE AN ASSISTANT HEAD-KEEPER SHORT NOW, SO I'M PROMOTING YOU TO THE JOB, SPOTTY DICK! YOUR FIRST JOB IS TO SCRAPE MISTER FROGPOND OFF RODNEY'S BUM.
THE HEAD ZOO-KEEPER
PROUD

WILLY'S PAGE

HELLO PALS, THIS IS ME, WILLY, AGAIN. HERE'S A "KNOCK KNOCK" JOKE I JUST MADE UP. "KNOCK KNOCK". "WHO'S THERE?" "VINCENT" "VINCENT WHO?" "VINCENT TO CUT OFF YOUR GAS." HERE'S ANOTHER ONE - "KNOCK KNOCK" "WHO'S THERE?" "TERENCE" "TERENCE WHO?" "TERENCE COLLECTOR." IF YOU KNOW ANY GOOD "KNOCK KNOCK" JOKES, SEND THEM TO ME, (WILLY THE KID, C/O GERALD DUCKWORTH & CO. LTD., POSH BOOK PUBLISHERS AND PLASTIC EYEBALL MANUFACTURERS, THE OLD PIANO FACTORY, 43 GLOUCESTER CRESCENT, LONDON NW1) IF READERS SEND IN SOME GOOD ONES I'LL GET MISTER BAXENDALE TO PUT THEM IN NEXT YEARS WILLY BOOK. DUCKWORTHS WILL GIVE PRIZES OF £2 EACH FOR ALL THE ONES THAT GET PRINTED. AND IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU SEND IN AN OLD ONE OR MAKE ONE UP YOURSELF. BY THE WAY, DO YOU KNOW THE DOUGHNUT SONG? 'COURSE YOU DO, YOU MUST KNOW IT. IT WAS IN THE FILM "HIGH NOON". I BET YOUR DAD KNOWS IT. "DOUGHNUT FORSAKE ME O MY DARLING" I LIKE THINKING UP DAFT NAMES AND ADDRESSES TOO, LIKE THIS ONE - LUCY LASTIC, LETTS TERRACE, PANTSOFF, WALES. I SELL 'EM TO MISTER BAXENDALE FOR 10p EACH, AND HE USES THEM IN THE WILLY BOOK. DON'T FORGET TO WRITE TO ME AND TELL ME WHICH BITS YOU LIKE BEST IN THE WILLY BOOK.

CHEERIO.

YOUR PAL, Willy.

P.S.

"KNOCK KNOCK" "WHO'S THERE?" "WENDY" "WENDY WHO?" "WENDY SNOW LAY ROUND ABOUT DEEP AND CRISP AND EVEN"

Snorybook Storybook

Willy's Mum handed Willy an Andy Pandy book. "Here, Willy, I want you to read this –"

"WHAT ? *Me* read Andy Pandy ?" Willy looked deeply insulted. "Next thing, I expect you'll be tellin' me to go round with a baby's dummy stuck in my cakehole," he said with heavy sarcasm.

"I wish you *would* go round with a dummy stuck in your mouth, Willy, then you wouldn't keep interrupting me when I try to tell you something. I want you to read this Andy Pandy book to your baby brother. I've just tucked baby Basil up in bed, and I want you to read him a bedtime story. It'll help him to get to sleep."

"What a dead lumber," protested Willy. "Are you goin' to *pay* me ?"

"No, I am *not* going to pay you for reading a bedtime story to your baby brother," said Mum firmly. "Shame on you. Anyway, baby Basil might have gone to sleep already. If you creep up the stairs quietly, you won't wake him, and then you won't have to read Andy Pandy to him."

The house vibrated as Willy crept up the stairs two at a time. To his surprise and disgust baby brother Basil was wide awake.

"Hello, Willy, have you come to read me a bedtime story ?"

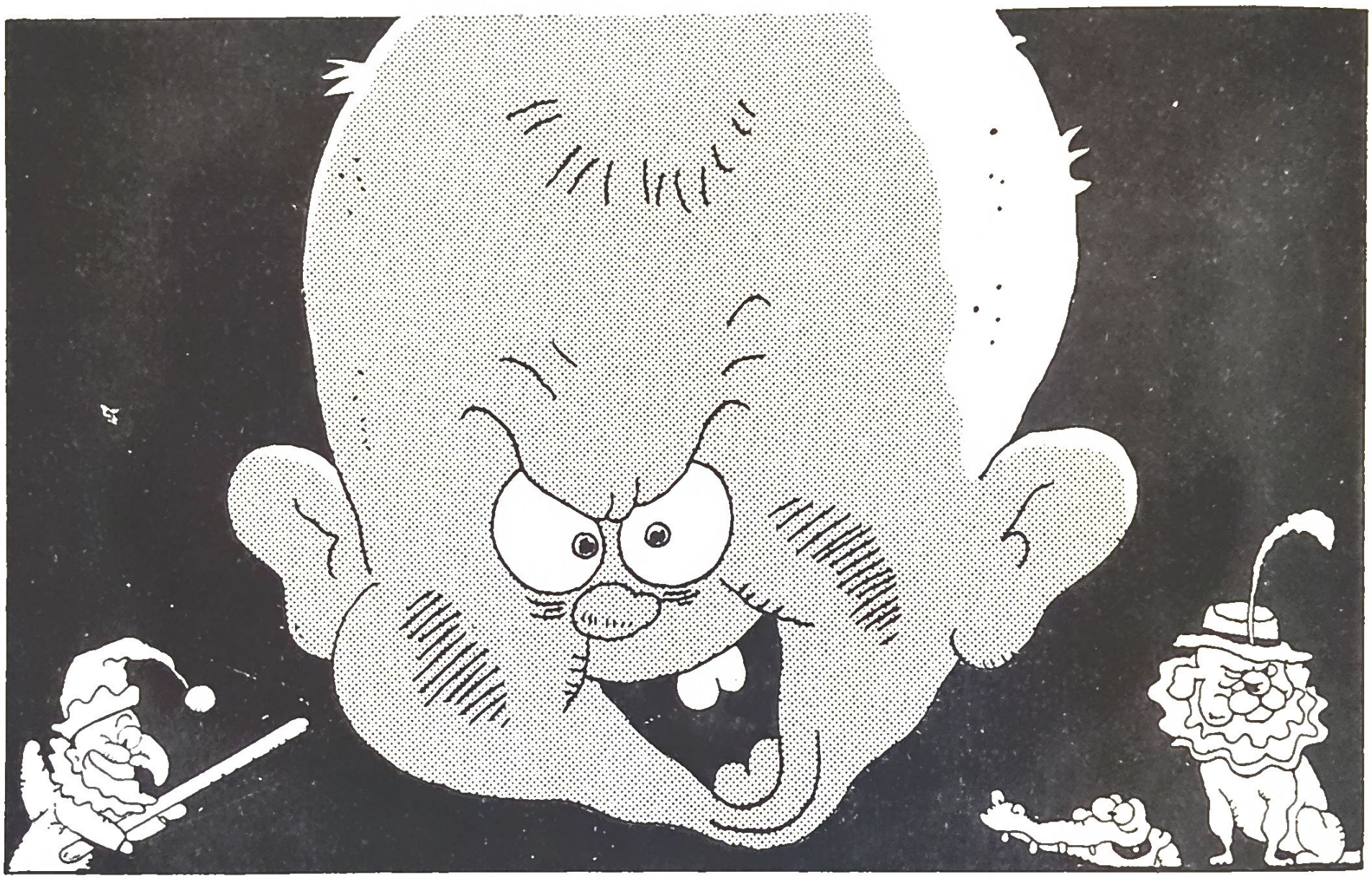
"Huh, you're still awake, are you," snorted Willy. "I came upstairs extra quietly so I wouldn't waken you, but I could have saved myself the trouble, couldn't I ?"

Willy sat down beside Basil's bed and glared at the Andy Pandy book. "Mum said it would send you to sleep if I read this to you. Well, it'll send *me* to sleep as well. Why does Andy Pandy have that silly grin on his face all the time ? If *I* went around grinning like that all the time people would think there was something wrong with my brain."

"I think Andy Pandy is *nice*," said baby Basil. "Hey, what are you doin', Willy ?"

Willy had taken a felt tip pen out of his pocket and was frowning in concentration as he scribbled in the Andy Pandy book. "I'm just improving one of the pictures an' making it more interesting. I'm drawing some fangs on Andy Pandy's mouth – I'm turning him into a vampire."

"Bad, bad Willy," shouted baby Basil.



Willy turned over the page. "Here's another picture that needs improving."

"Leave my Andy Pandy book alone," yelled baby Basil. He scowled as Willy scribbled.

"There, that's better. Now Andy Pandy's being sick," said Willy. "Isn't it realistic ?"

"Yeeeugh," said baby Basil.

"Anyway, I'm sick of lookin' at Andy Pandy's dozy grinning face, smarmy little twit," said Willy, closing the book. "I'm not goin' to *read* you a soppy bedtime story, I'm going to *tell* you a really scarey horror story."

"Ooh, I *luv* being frightened," said baby Basil.

"We'll have a creepy atmosphere while I tell you the story," said Willy, rumpling about in the playbox under baby Basil's bed. "I know you've got lots of puppets and joke masks and things in here." Willy's hand delved to the bottom of the box, and came up holding a grotesque rubber monster mask. "Ah, this is the one."

"That's my Demon mask," said baby Basil. "Sometimes I put it on and look in the mirror to give myself a fright."

Willy had switched off the bedroom light and was carefully draping the rubber Demon head over Dad's electric torch. The light from the torch shone through the eyeholes in the mask. In the dim room the Demon's eyes glared with a ghastly glow.

Willy sat down by baby Basil's bed and leaned forward. "This creepy story that I'm goin' to tell you is *true*."

"Ooh," said baby Basil.

"Remember that Punch and Judy show that we watched when we were at the seaside in the Summer?" Willy began.

"'Course I remember it," said baby Basil, "Go on."

"Well," Willy continued, "Didn't you notice somethin' *different*, a bit *creepy* about that particular Punch and Judy? Didn't you feel a bit *shivery*?"

"Yes I did feel a bit shivery, 'cos I dropped a blob of my ice cream down inside my tee shirt," baby Basil replied helpfully.

"You dozy little twit," said Willy, "Didn't you notice a chill in the air? Haven't you seen those creepy films on the telly, where a sudden coldness in the air shows that some ghastly supernatural Being is approaching?"

"Mum doesn't let me stay up to watch creepy films on telly," Basil said resentfully. "I've nagged and nagged and nagged at her, but it's no use."

"Well, you'll have to live as long as me, and practise as hard as me, before you get as good as me at nagging," said Willy. "Anyway, you remember that particular Punch and Judy show, don't you?"

"'Course I do, they're puppets an' they're worked by that man inside," said Basil.

"Rubbish," Willy retorted. "*That* particular Punch and Judy aren't puppets, they're *real* little creatures."

"Ooh," said baby Basil.

"That particular Punch and Judy man is a Mad Scientist," said Willy to the goggle eyed baby Basil. "He raised the Punch and Judy creatures in test tubes in his secret laboratory. His laboratory is in the old amusement arcade at the end of the ruined pier. He's safe there 'cos people can't get to the end of the pier because it's fallen down in the middle. The Mad Scientist rows out to it in an ol' rowing boat."

"Ooh," said baby Basil, "Are Punch and Judy little *yumans?*"

"No, they're not yumans," said Willy, "They're *creatures*."

"How is it they can talk if they're not yumans?" Basil asked.

"The Mad Scientist crossed ferrets with parrots. Being part ferret makes 'em cunning and savage. And he made the creatures part parrot so he'd be able to teach 'em to talk. You can tell Mr. Punch has got some parrot mixture in him 'cos his nose looks like a beak, and that hump on his back is where the parrot wings should sprout out."

"But Punch and Judy have got yuman faces," baby Basil protested.

"Well, p'raps the creatures are part ferret and part parrot and part yuman," Willy conceded after a moment's thought. "Anyway, while *we* were watching the Punch and Judy show I noticed a beady eyeball watching *us* through a peephole in the Punch and Judy booth."

"Ooh," shivered baby Basil.

"The Mad Scientist is looking out for a nice *plump* child in the audience. One like you," said Willy.

"Oh lor," said baby Basil, "What does he do when he spots a nice plump baby like me?"

"When the nice plump child goes home with its Mum and Dad, the Mad Scientist and his Punch and Judy Creatures follow them home in the Punch and Judy van. Most people keep their bedroom windows open a bit in the Summer, so the Mad Scientist sends Mr. Punch and the other creatures up the drainpipe, and they crawl through the open window and hide under the baby's bedclothes."

"Oh crikey," wailed baby Basil.

"When the plump baby is put to bed, and its Mum has gone downstairs, the creatures wriggle up under the bedclothes," said Willy.

"SHREEEK! There's something wriggling about under the bedclothes at the bottom of my bed! Look! It's got horrible little bumps on it! It's coming to get me!" yelled baby Basil.

"Shut up, that's your foot," Willy retorted impatiently. "Anyway, the Punch an' Judy creatures tie the baby up with cellotape until he's all wrapped up like a bluebottle in a spider's web. Then they lower the baby out of the window to the Mad Scientist. The fiendish ol' rotter takes this plump baby, wot looks just like you, back to his secret laboratory at the end of the pier."

"An' what does he do then? Does he do diabolical experiments on it? Does he turn it into a Frankenstein baby or somethin'?" gabbled baby Basil.

"No, he makes the babies into pies."

"PIES?? What does he make 'em into PIES for?"

"Well, he keeps all sorts of diabolical creatures. They're sort of his pets, like other people keep budgies and tortoises and hamsters, well *he* keeps vampire bats and Black Widow Spiders and he has this gigantic 30 foot snake, and he feeds it with PIES 'cos it's a PIE-thon, *hee hee hee!*"

Baby Basil glared suspiciously at Willy. "Is that one of your rotten jokes? It is, isn't it? That story you jus' told me wasn't true! It was just an excuse for unloading one of your mouldy ol' jokes onto me! What a swizzle!"

Several of baby Basil's puppets were heaped on the floor under the bed where Willy had dropped them when he was rummaging in Basil's playbox for the Demon mask. One of the puppets was a sly looking crocodile. Willy hooked the toe of his shoe inside the puppet and slowly lifted it up until the crocodile's leering face was peering over the edge of the bed. Baby Basil's pudgy hands went white as they gripped the bedclothes. "SHREEEK! WILLY! WILLY! THERE'S THE CROCODILE FROM THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW! IT'S TRYING TO SLITHER UP THE SIDE OF MY BED!"

"Eh? Where? I can't see anything," Willy said, gazing round vacantly. Meanwhile he surreptitiously jiggled the crocodile puppet with his foot, edging it further up the bed towards Basil.

"MUM! MUM! THE PUNCH AND JUDY CREATURES ARE HERE! THEY'RE COMING TO GET ME!" shrieked Basil.

Willy hastily slid the crocodile puppet off his foot and picked up the Andy Pandy book as Mum came galloping up the stairs and burst into the bedroom.

"Bad, bad Willy," Mum stormed as she comforted the trembling baby Basil and tucked him up. "Frightening a poor little baby, shame on you! There's no such thing as Punch and Judy creatures, baby! Look, it was only your old crocodile puppet."

"Fancy scaring the wits out of a little baby," Mum admonished Willy as she ushered him out of Basil's bedroom, "I've a good mind to give *you* a fright, just to teach you a lesson!"

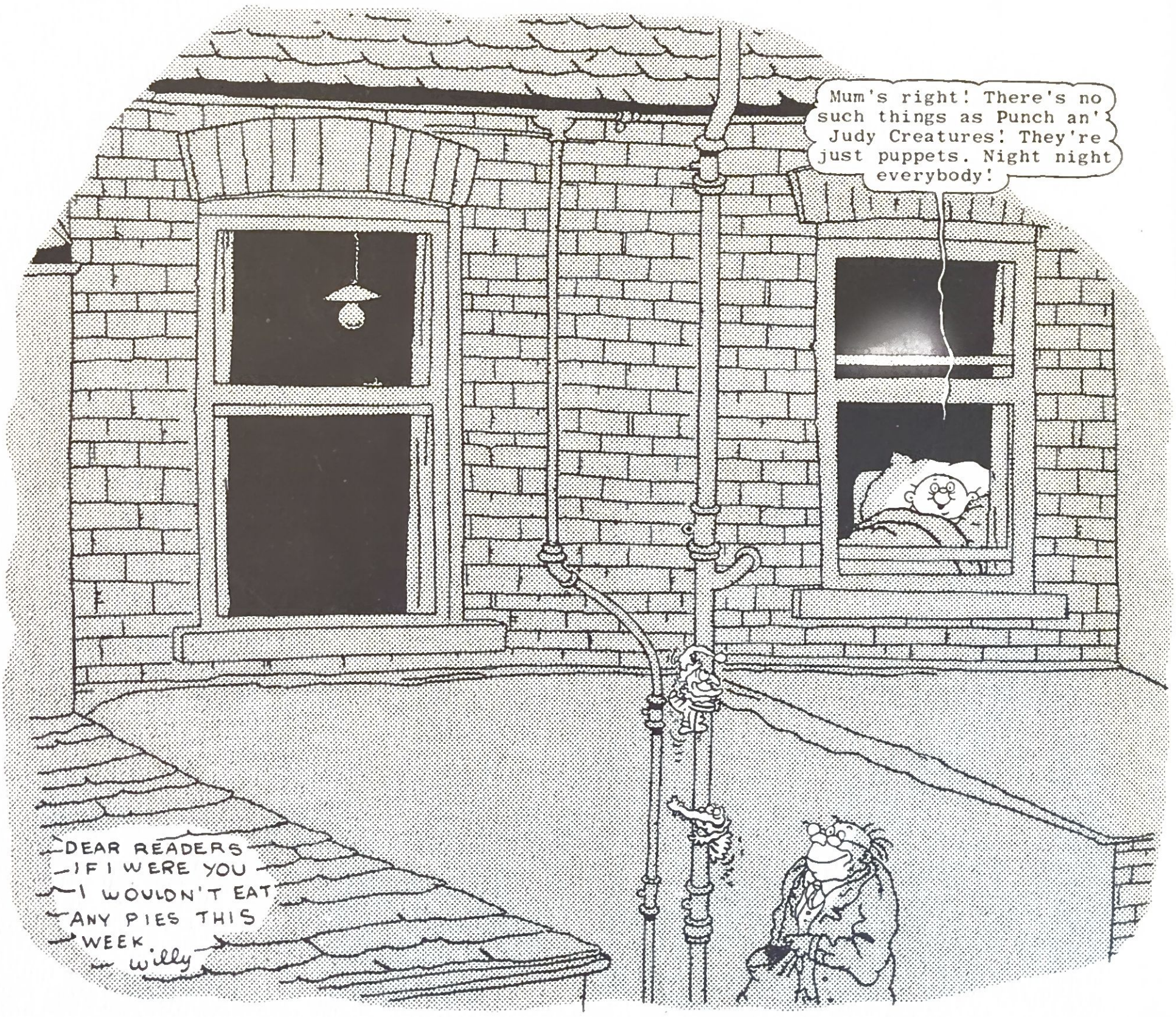
"Huh, you can't frighten *me*, I'm not frightened of *anything*. I'm not frightened of vampires or Frankenstein monsters, or anything." As Mum shoved him out of the door Willy screwed his head round and yelled back to baby Basil "An' I'm not frightened of little creatures that slither up the bedclothes after Mum's switched the bedroom light off."

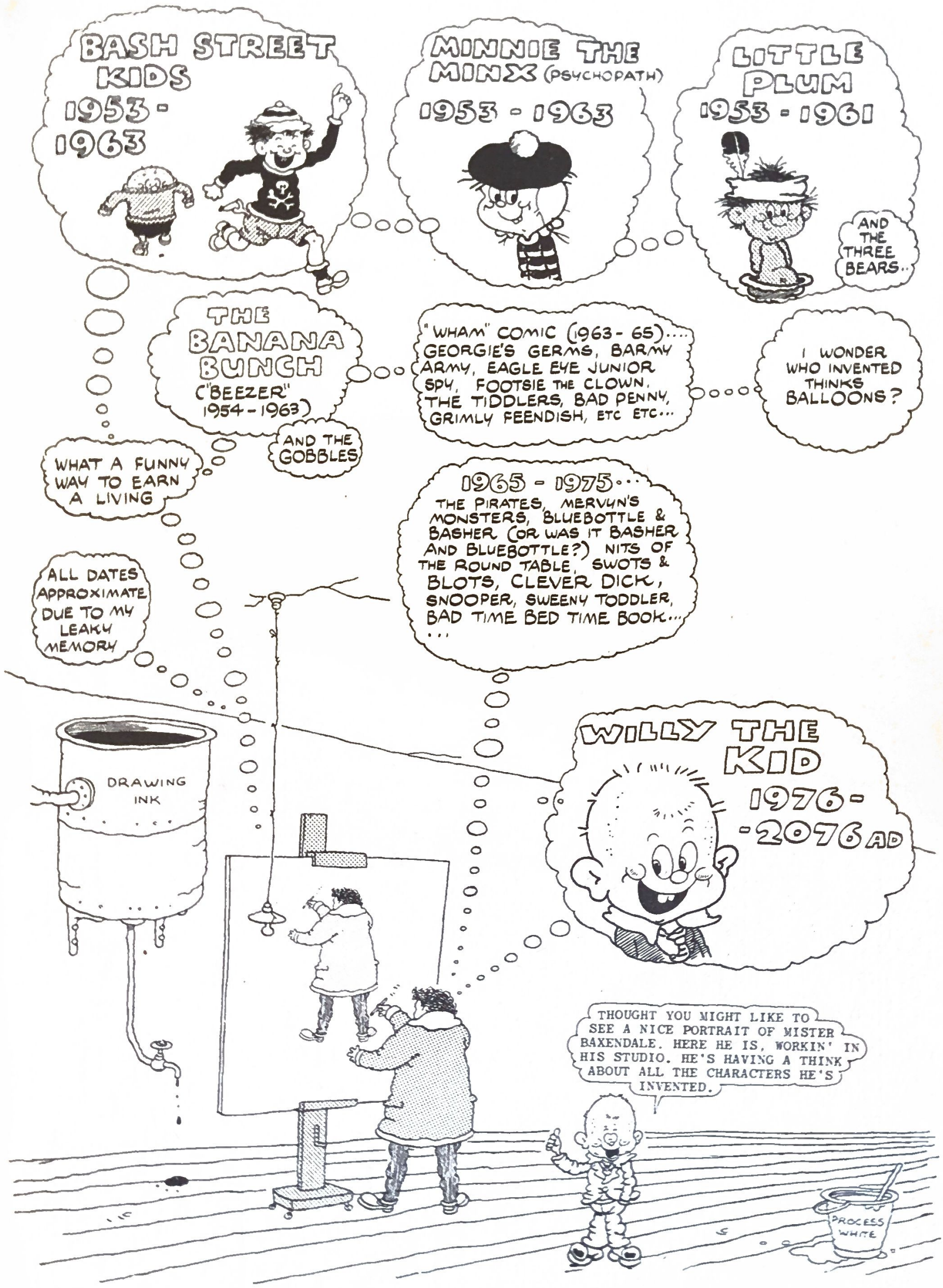
"Waah," wailed baby Basil from under the bedclothes.

"Right," Mum said firmly as she pulled the bedroom door shut, "I warned you I would give you a fright, Willy. Well, you can spend the next half hour tidying up your bedroom. I've been thinking of renting it to the Council as a rubbish dump."

Willy turned pale. "NO! NO!" he shrieked, "Not that! Not tidying up my bedroom! *AAAGH! SHREEEK!*"

Back in his bedroom baby Basil snuggled down in bed, and a sleepy smile crept across his dozy little face. "Rotten Willy trying to frighten me. Good ol' Mum. Fancy me bein' scared of an ol' puppet! There's no such thing as Punch and Judy creatures. They're just puppets. Night night, everybody."




BASH STREET KIDS 1953 - 1963
MINNIE THE MINX (PSYCHOPATH) 1953 - 1963
LITTLE PLUM 1953 - 1961
AND THE THREE BEARS..
THE BANANA BUNCH ("BEEZER" 1954 - 1963)
AND THE GOBBLES
"WHAM" COMIC (1963 - 65).... GEORGIE'S GERMS, BARMY ARMY, EAGLE EYE JUNIOR SPY, FOOTSIE THE CLOWN, THE TIDDLERS, BAD PENNY, GRIMLY FEENDISH, ETC ETC...
I WONDER WHO INVENTED THINKS BALLOONS?
WHAT A FUNNY WAY TO EARN A LIVING
ALL DATES APPROXIMATE DUE TO MY LEAKY MEMORY
1965 - 1975... THE PIRATES, MERVYN'S MONSTERS, BLUEBOTTLE & BASHER (OR WAS IT BASHER AND BLUEBOTTLE?) NITS OF THE ROUND TABLE, SWOTS & BLOTS, CLEVER DICK, SNOOPER, SWEENY TODDLER, BAD TIME BED TIME BOOK... ...
WILLY THE KID 1976 - - 2076 AD
DRAWING INK
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE A NICE PORTRAIT OF MISTER BAXENDALE. HERE HE IS, WORKIN' IN HIS STUDIO. HE'S HAVING A THINK ABOUT ALL THE CHARACTERS HE'S INVENTED.
PROCESS WHITE

WHEN I GROW UP

A POME

SENT IN BY READER
SID KNEE,
HEY AVENUE,
FORGOTENSUMTHIN

WHEN I GROW UP I WANT TO BE
MANAGER OF A CEMETERY
'COS IT'LL BE A DEAD EASY JOB HEE HEE HEE,
OR P'RAPS I'LL BE BOSS OF A MENAGERIE
AND FEED MY MUM TO THE PYTHON FOR TEA,
'COS MY ROTTEN MUM DOESN'T LIKE ME.
SHE SAYS I SHOULDN'T EAT WITH MY MOUTH OPEN,
BUT I DUNNO HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO EAT WITH MY MOUTH SHUT.
SHE SAYS I SHOULD GO AND LIVE BY MYSELF IN A HUT.
WHEN I GROW UP, YOU JUST SEE,
I'LL LIVE ON MY OWN,
WITH NOBODY TO MOAN
AND NAG AT ME.

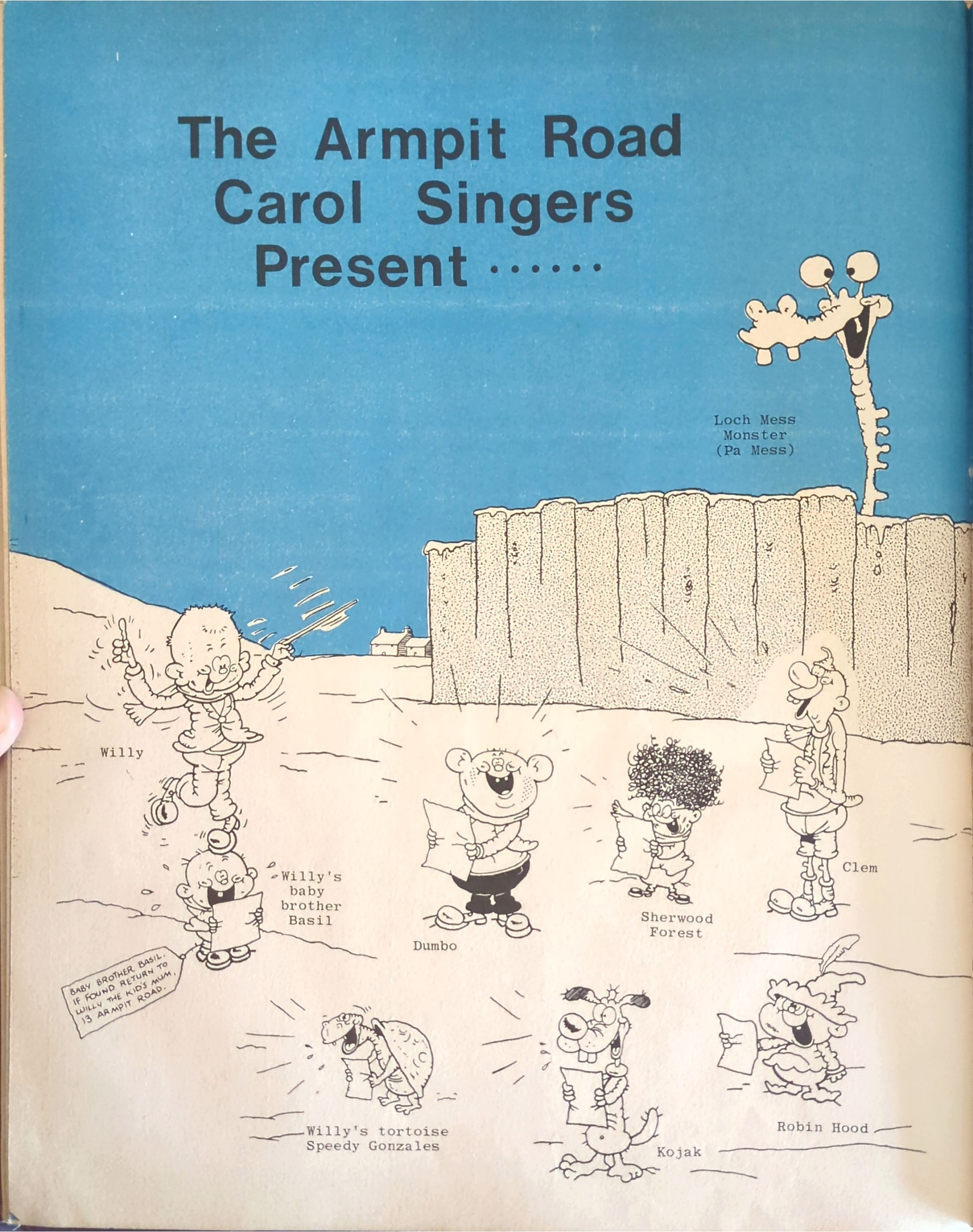
WHEN I GROW UP I WANT TO BE
A FAMOUS COMEDIAN WHO TELLS SMASHING JOKES
AND ALL THE AUDIENCE WILL LAUGH AND CLAP,
BUT WHEN I TOLD MY DAD HE SAID WHAT A LOAD OF [redacted]
I BET I'LL BE A JOLLY GOOD COMIC,
I WOULDN'T COST MUCH, I'D BE EVER SO CHEAP,
BUT P'RAPS PEOPLE MIGHT NOT LIKE ME 'COS I'M SUCH A CREEP
AND I MIGHT MAKE THEM FEEL SICK.
I EXPECT THEY'D START SNORING
'COS I'M EVER SO BORING.
I KEEP PRACTISING MY JOKES ON MY MUM AND DAD,
BUT THEY'RE ROTTEN AND BAD
THEY NEVER LAUGH
THEY JUST SAY ISN'T IT TIME YOU HAD A BATH.

WHEN I GROW UP I WOULD LIKE TO BE
THE GUEST STAR ON THE MUPPET SHOW ON TV
BUT P'RAPS THEY WOULDN'T HAVE ME
'COS I'M SO REPULSIVE AND GREASY
AND I MIGHT MAKE VIEWERS FEEL SICK AND QUEASY.

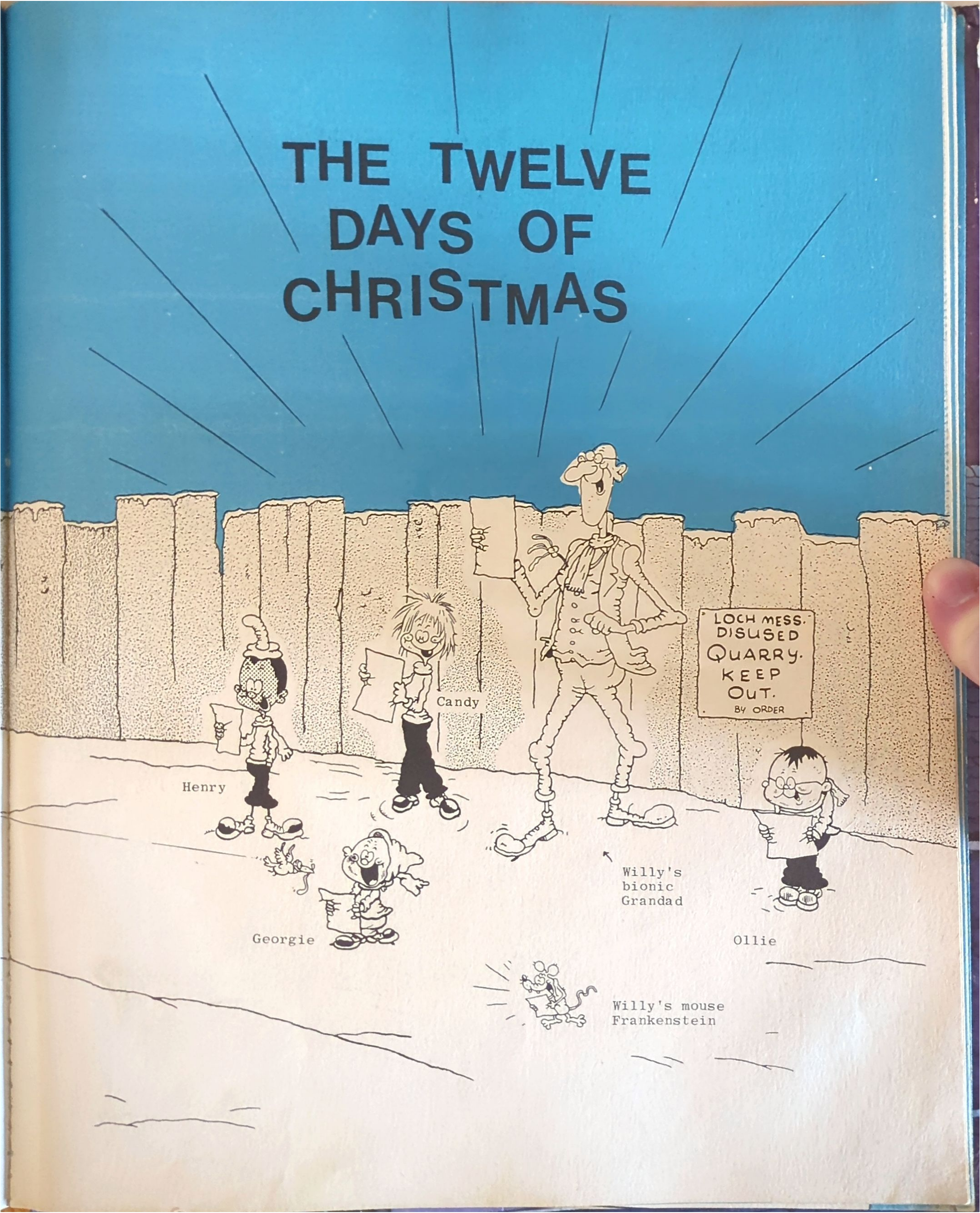
WHEN I GROW UP I WANT TO BE
A FAMOUS POP STAR,
SO SMASHING GIRLS WILL FANCY ME,
ESPECIALLY ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN,
WITH LONG BLONDE HAIR.
IT'S NOT FAIR,
'COS THE ONLY GIRL WHO'LL TALK TO ME,
LOOKS MORE LIKE ELTON JOHN,
AND WEIGHS HALF A TON
THE OTHER GIRLS ALL FANCY SOMEBODY LIKE CLINT EASTWOOD
WHO'S LEAN AND TALL
AND I'M THREE FEET WIDE AND THREE FEET TALL
WITH THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF A RUBBER BALL.

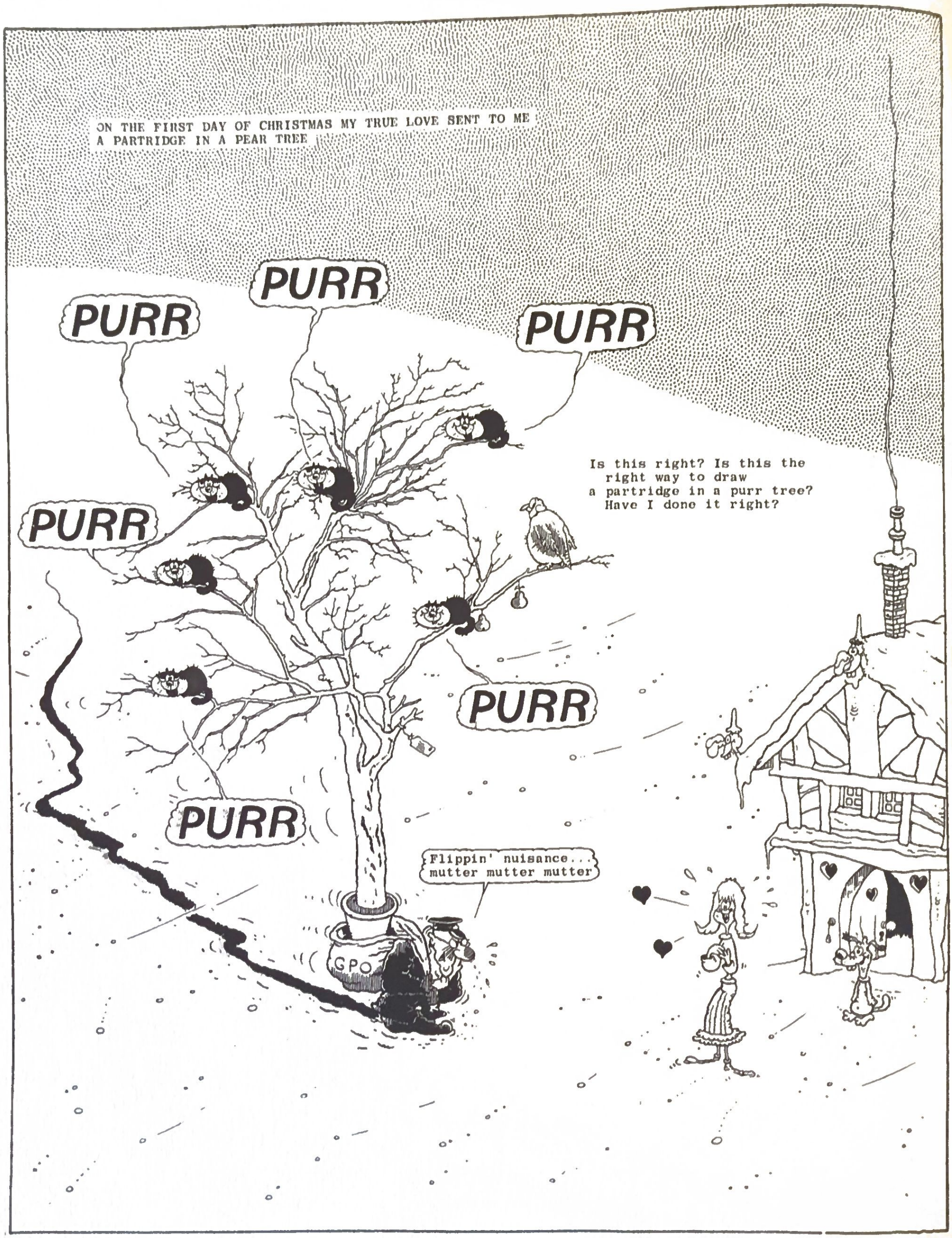
I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A BIG FAT SNITCH
AND EYEBALLS THAT TWITCH,
I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A PEA-SIZED BRAIN
AND FEET THAT SMELL LIKE A DRAIN,
I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE SPOTS ALL OVER MY FACE
AND EXPLODING PIMPLES ON MY UNMENTIONABLE PLACE.
WHEN I GROW UP THERE'S ALL SORTS OF THINGS I WANT TO BE,
BUT MOST OF ALL,
I DON'T WANT TO BE ME.

The Armpit Road Carol Singers Present .....



THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS




ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME
A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE
PURR
PURR
PURR
PURR
PURR
PURR
Is this right? Is this the right way to draw a partridge in a purr tree? Have I done it right?
Flippin' nuisance... mutter mutter mutter
GPO

ON THE SECOND DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME
TWO TURTLE DOVES AND A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE

What do turtle doves look like?
Is this right? Have I drawn
them right?

Showing off

TO ROSIE POSIE,
ROSE COTTAGE,
THE M6 MOTORWAY
TELMEIFIT,
HERTS.

FROM YOUR
TRUE LOVE

GPO

Grumble
Mutter
Mutter

ON THE THIRD DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME
THREE FRENCH HENS, TWO TURTLE DOVES AND A PARTRIDGE IN A ~~PEAR TREE~~
PEAR TREE STUMP

I'm fed up having to keep drawing that stupid pear tree. It takes me ages. I've decided to make it a pear tree stump

I'm fed up having to keep drawing that stupid house, so I'll have it struck by lightning. Drat it! Missed!

DRAWING INK

GPO

SEETHE GLOWER

Three French hens. (They're riding bicycles and selling onions, but you can't see them because they're in a deep snowdrift.)

I hate drawing bicycles.

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME
FOUR COLLY BIRDS, THREE FRENCH HENS AND A ~~PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE~~

PARTRIDGE EGG IN A PEAR TREE STUMP

Turtle doves flying on automatic pilot

Snore

Snore

RUB

I'm fed up drawing that stupid partridge, so I've changed it to a partridge egg

Three French hens

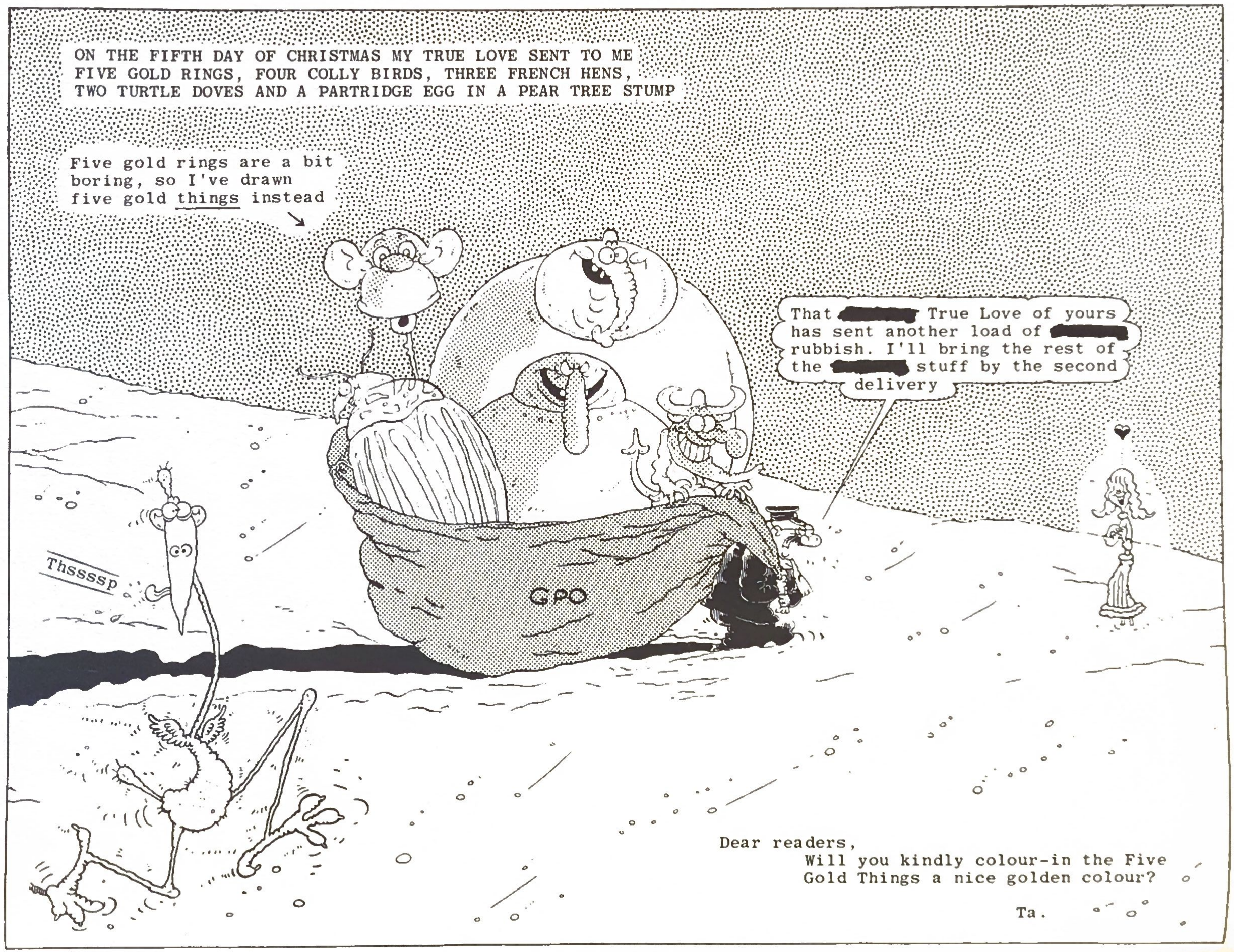
Grumble Mutter

I don't know what Colly birds look like. Do you think I've got them right?

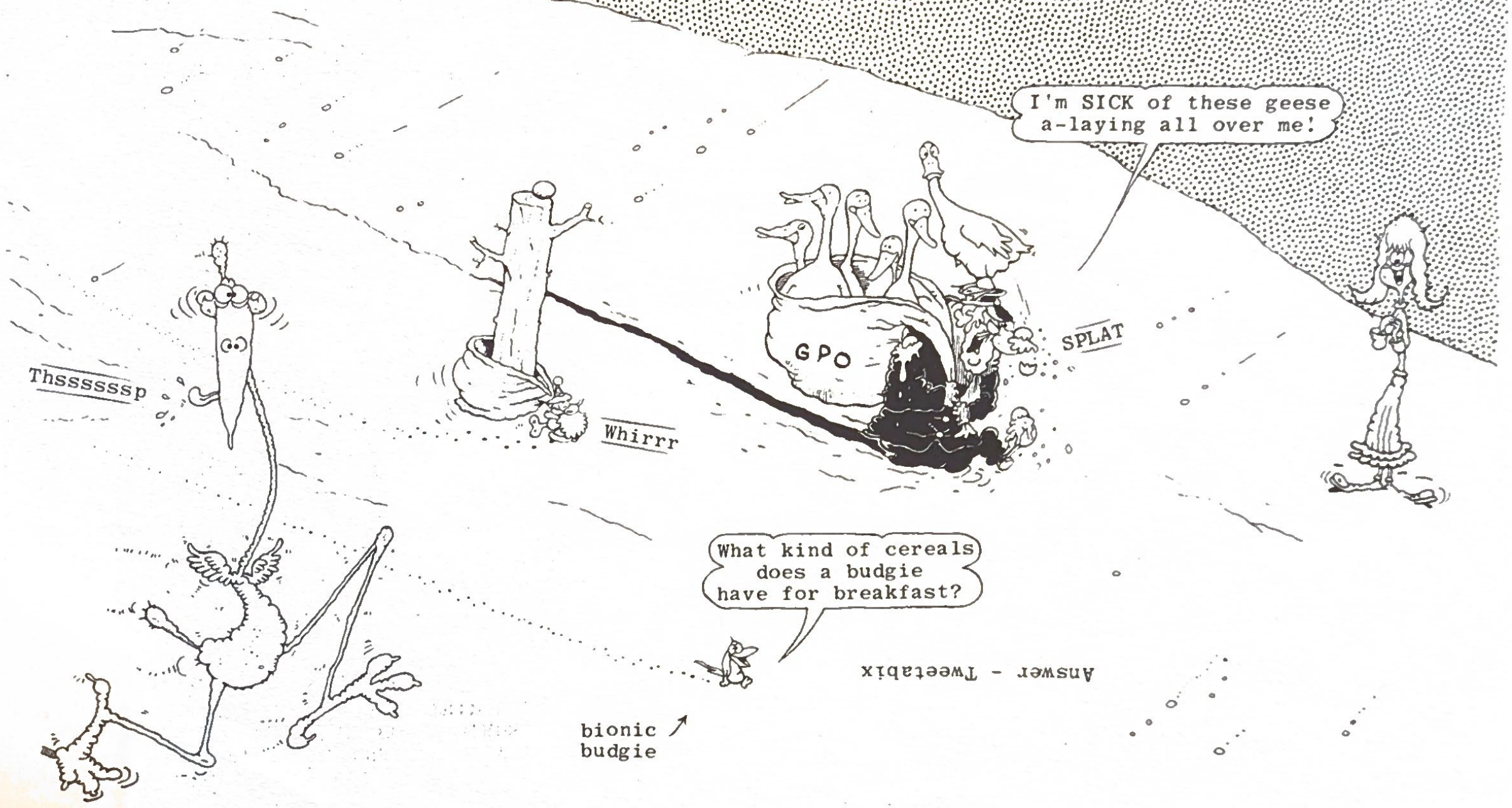
RUB

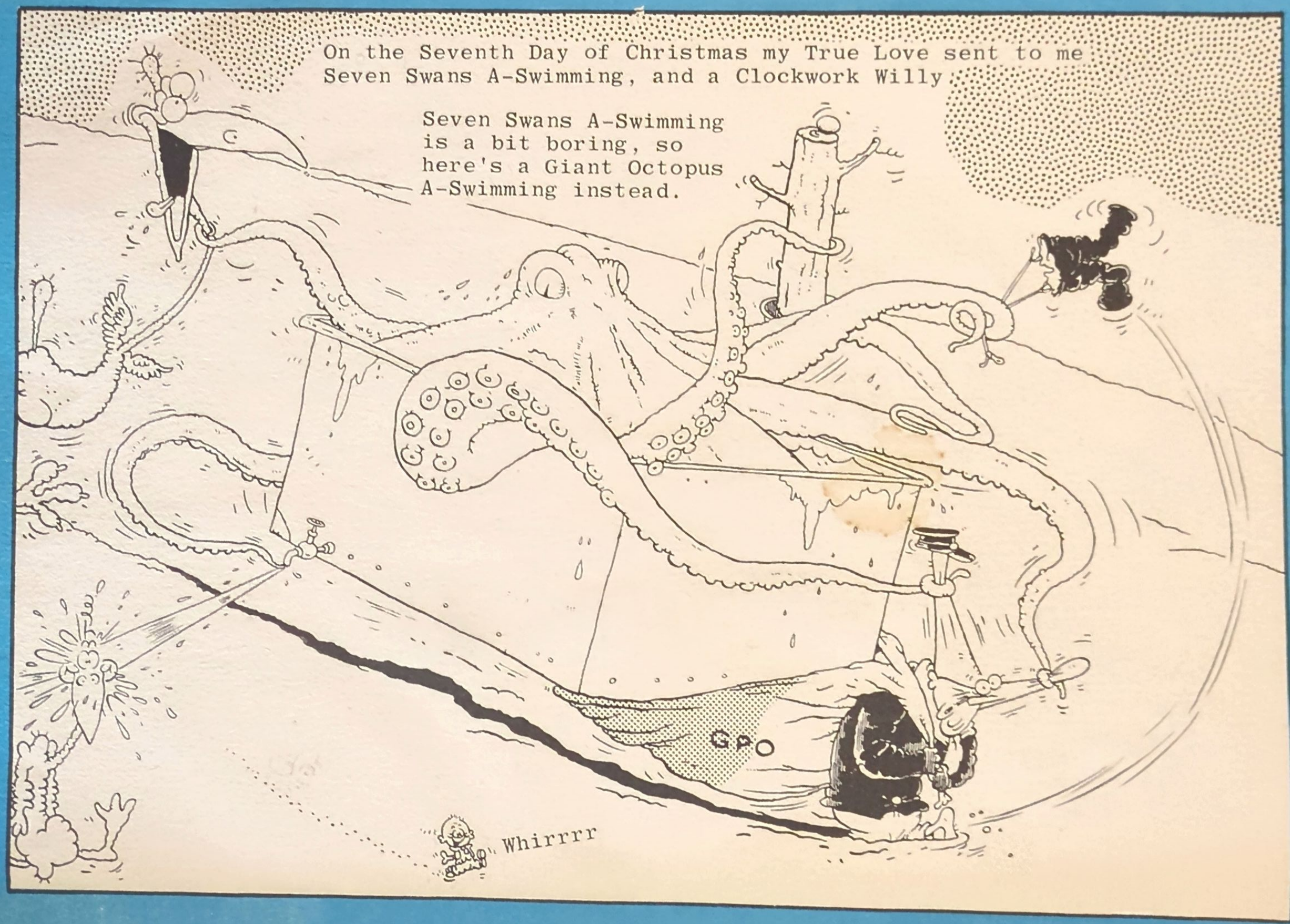
Kojak dog gets fed up because Mister Baxendale uses his rubber bone. (To save buying rubbers)

MELT


ON THE FIFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME
FIVE GOLD RINGS, FOUR COLLY BIRDS, THREE FRENCH HENS,
TWO TURTLE DOVES AND A PARTRIDGE EGG IN A PEAR TREE STUMP
Five gold rings are a bit boring, so I've drawn five gold things instead
That [redacted] True Love of yours has sent another load of [redacted] rubbish. I'll bring the rest of the [redacted] stuff by the second delivery
Thssssp
GPO
Dear readers,
Will you kindly colour-in the Five Gold Things a nice golden colour?
Ta.

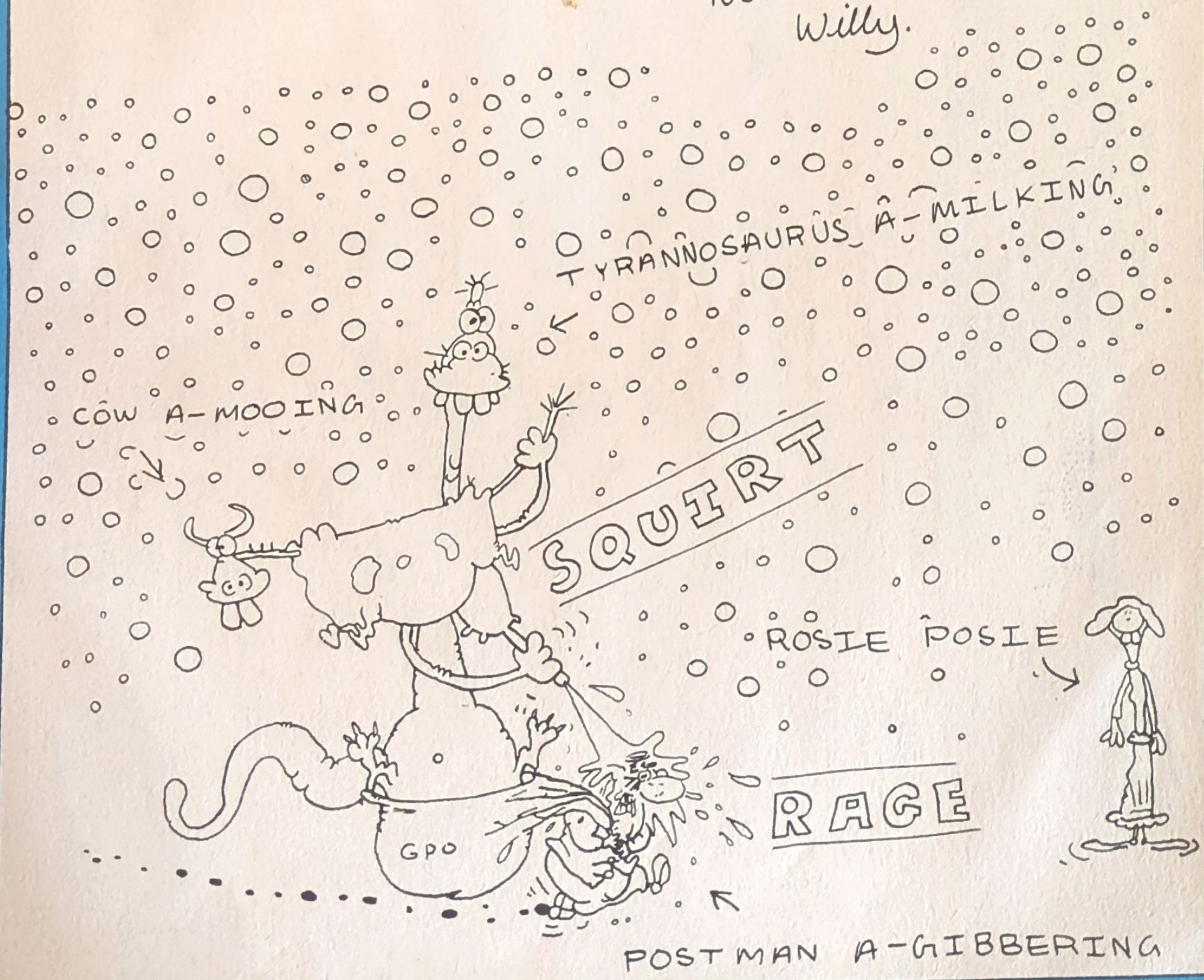
ON THE SIXTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME
SIX GEESE A-LAYING, FIVE GOLD THINGS, FOUR COLLY BIRDS,
THREE FRENCH HENS, TWO TURTLE DOVES, A BIONIC BUDGIE
AND A PARTRIDGE EGG IN A PEAR TREE STUMP




On the Seventh Day of Christmas my True Love sent to me
Seven Swans A-Swimming, and a Clockwork Willy
Seven Swans A-Swimming is a bit boring, so here's a Giant Octopus A-Swimming instead.
GPO
Whirrrr

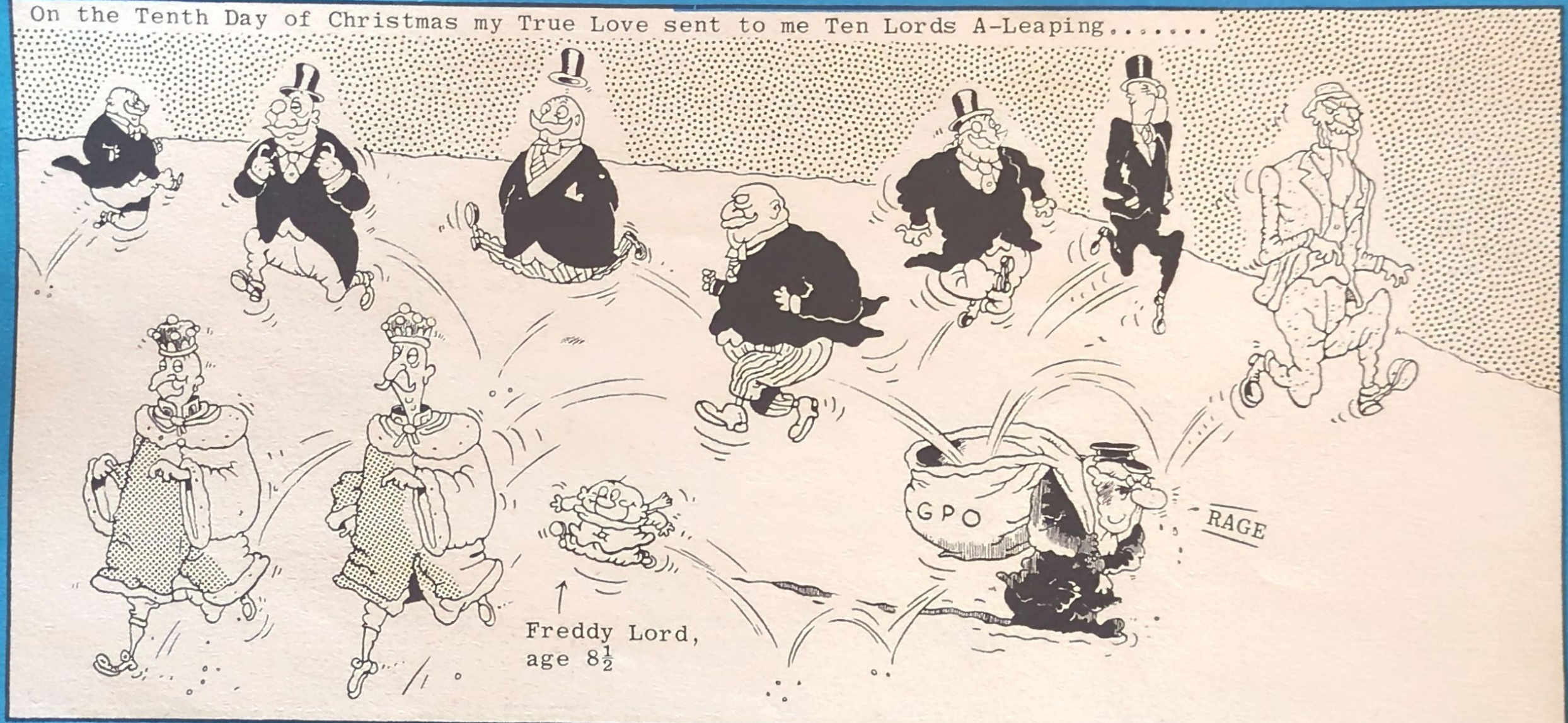
HELLO PALS, THIS IS ME, WILLY, AGAIN. MISTER BAXENDALE'S PAYING ME 50p TO DRAW THIS PAGE FOR HIM. HE SPRAINED HIS WRIST CARRYING HIS MONEY TO THE BANK. ANY-WAY THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS. I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT. IT'D TAKE HIM AGES TO DRAW EIGHT MAIDS A-MILKING EIGHT COWS, AND HE'D HAVE TO WORK LATE, AND I BET HE'S AFRAID OF MISSING THE SWEENY ON THE TELLY. ANYWAY, I'M NOT DAFT EITHER. I'M NOT DRAWING EIGHT MAIDS A-MILKING FOR 50p. ANYWAY I THINK EIGHT MAIDS A-MILKING IS DEAD BORING. SO I'M DRAWING A TYRANNOSAURUS A-MILKING, 'COS I'M JOLLY GOOD AT DRAWING A TYRANNOSAURUS. TROUBLE IS, I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT DRAWING ANYTHING ELSE, SO DON'T BLAME ME IF THE POSTMAN AND ROSIE POSIE AND THE COW TURN OUT LOOKING LIKE TYRANNOSAURUSISES. I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT DRAWING, SO I'VE PUT NAMES ON EVERYTHING SO YOU'LL RECOGNISE WHAT THEY ARE.

YOUR PAL
Willy.

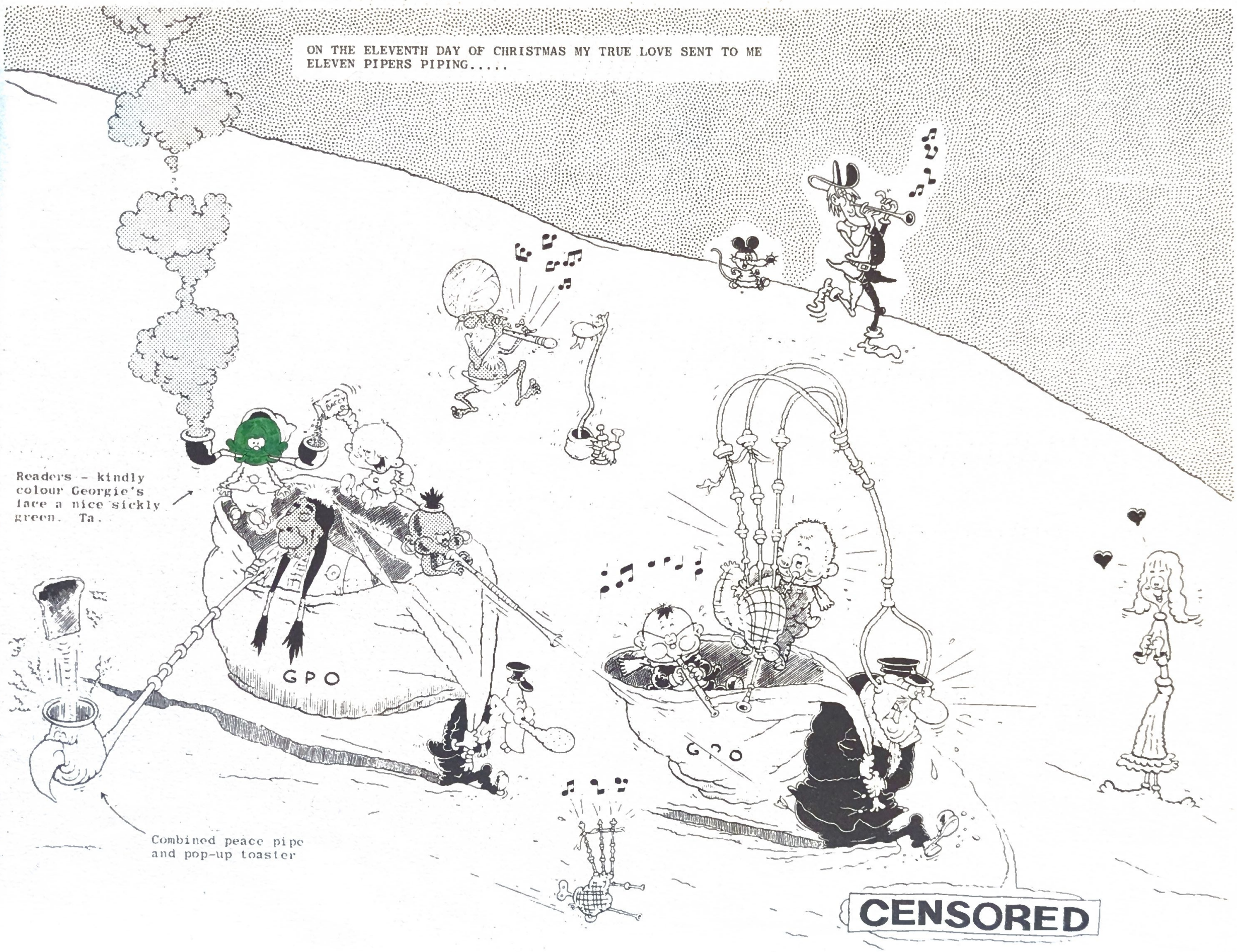


On the Ninth Day
of Christmas
my True Love
sent to me
Nine Ladies Dancing..

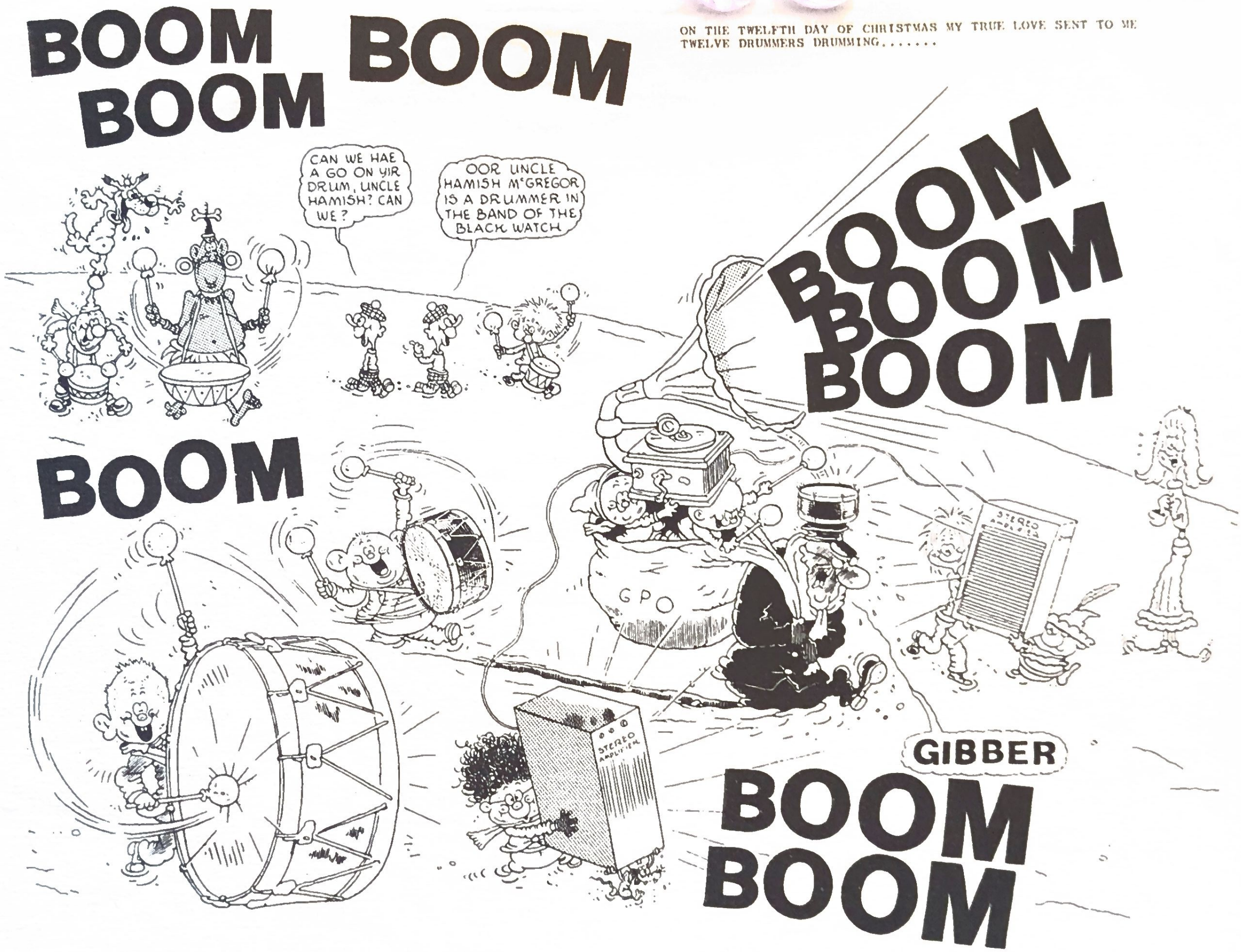
On the Tenth Day of Christmas my True Love sent to me Ten Lords A-Leaping.....



Freddy Lord,
age $8\frac{1}{2}$


ON THE ELEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME
ELEVEN PIPERS PIPING.....
Readers - kindly colour Georgie's face a nice sickly green. Ta.
GPO
GPO
Combined peace pipe and pop-up toaster
CENSORED

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME
TWELVE DRUMMERS DRUMMING.....



ON THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS THE POSTMAN BROUGHT TO ME
MY TRUE LOVE IN A PEAR TREE

DRAWING COMPETITION - LOTS OF PRIZES!

13 ARMPIT ROAD.

DEAR PALS,

WE'RE HAVING A GREAT DRAWING COMPETITION FOR READERS OF THE WILLY THE KID BOOK. THERE ARE 50 PRIZES OF £2 EACH FOR THE BEST DRAWINGS SENT IN, AND THE FIRST PRIZEWINNER WILL GET A SMASHING PAINTING SET (A REALLY SUPER ONE). HERE'S HOW TO ENTER. DRAW A NEW PET FOR ME. I LIKE COLLECTING PETS. I'VE GOT LOTS ALREADY. THERE'S MY PET BUDGIE SIDNEY (WELL, THE MAN AT THE PET SHOP SAID IT WAS A BABY BUDGIE WHEN I GOT IT THE YEAR BEFORE LAST, BUT IT'S BIGGER THAN ME NOW. IT WON'T EAT BUDGIE SEED. IT JUST EATS SAUSAGES AND MEAT PIES.) I DUNNO WHAT KIND OF BUDGIE IT IS, BUT THE OTHER DAY A FUNERAL WENT PAST OUR HOUSE AND MY BUDGIE SIDNEY GOT ALL EXCITED AND WENT FLAPPING AFTER IT, BUT I MANAGED TO GRAB HIM IN TIME. I'VE GOT A PET MOUSE CALLED FRANKENSTEIN, AND A PET MOTH CALLED BIGGLES, AND A PET BLUEBOTTLE (I DUNNO WHERE IT GOES IN THE WINTER) AND MY PET DOG KOJAK (WELL, HE'S NOT A PET REALLY, MORE OF A PEST) AND MY PET PARROT CARRUTHERS (MY MUM SAYS HE'S A BAD INFLUENCE, BECAUSE HE TEACHES MY BABY BROTHER RUDE WORDS) THEN THERE'S MY PET WORM ELVIS. WHERE'S HE GOT TO? HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO, JUST BEFORE I ATE MY SPAGHETTI AND CHIPS. I WONDER WHERE HE'S GOT TO? ANYWAY, I WANT YOU TO DRAW A NEW PET FOR ME. IT CAN BE ANY KIND OF ANIMAL OR BIRD OR FISH OR INSECKT OR CREATURE. YOU CAN USE PENCILS, OR PEN AND INK, OR COLOURED PENCILS, OR PAINTS - ANYTHING YOU LIKE. SEND YOUR DRAWING TO:- WILLY'S PET DRAWING COMPETITION, THE WILLY THE KID BOOK, GERALD DUCKWORTH & CO. LTD., THE OLD PIANO FACTORY, 43 GLOUCESTER CRESCENT, LONDON NW1. (CLOSING DATE 1st. FEBRUARY).

CHEERIO,
YOUR PAL Willy.

P.S. AS YOU CAN SEE I'M FEELING A BIT BLUE. THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S NEARLY THE END OF THIS YEAR'S WILLY BOOK. NEVER MIND THERE'LL BE ANOTHER ONE NEXT YEAR.

WHO LUVS YA BABY!
PHEW! THAT WAS A GHASTLY NIGHTMARE! ISN'T IT A RELIEF WHEN YOU WAKE UP AN' FIND IT ISN'T REAL?
CLICK!